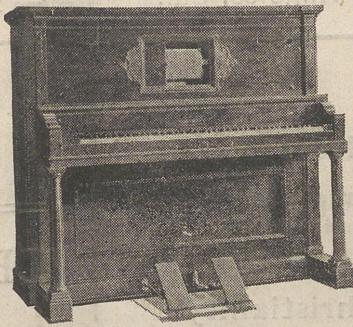


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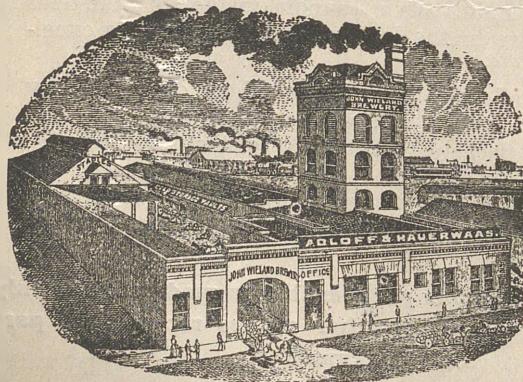
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Who's Who in Los Angeles XXXII.



RIGHT REV. JOSEPH HORSFALL JOHNSON

I trust the good Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church who presides over the diocese of Los Angeles will suffer no loss of repose or dignity by finding himself pictured as above. The equilibrium, which he is pictured as maintaining on the teeter board with High Church at one end and Low Church at the other, is doubtless difficult, but that he does so maintain it and with so much aplomb is a tribute to his tact, tolerance and diplomacy. No church, perhaps, has suffered so many schisms and dissen-

sions within its own ranks as the Church of England, which, of course, is the parent of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. To preserve the best and the most reasonable balance between the two extremes of Ritualists and "Old Evangelicals," between those who believe that beauty should be an essential feature of worship and those who are afraid lest its fascinations disturb the penitent puritan, it is best to be "Broad" rather than "High" or "Low." Bishop Johnson is a "Broad"

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churchman, liberal and truly catholic in most of his views, although I have heard that in certain cases his rulings have been just as narrow and as intolerant as the strictest interpretation of the Rubric requires. Especially scrupulous and adamant has he been on the subject of divorcee, but it could not be the subject of this article to attempt a controversy with his lordship on this or any other subject. That, in the last ten years, since Bishop Johnson became bishop of this newly founded diocese, he has been the head and front of great and good works is evidenced in many quarters. Fine places of worship have been built, and new parishes established, so that out of what was a chaotic condition a decade ago, today there is good order and fine organization. If you should ever find yourself in the bishop's study in the church-house under the shade of St. Paul's Pro-cathedral, you will see on one of the walls a massive map of his diocese, with multi-colored pins denoting each church, chapel, and parish already established, and those which he hopes in the near future to promote. It resembles a field officer's war map, and the number of campaigns that the bishop is conducting for his church is as astonishing as it is gratifying.

Bishop Johnson is a man of many parts, a thorough man of the world, as befits the modern man of God who would till His vineyard to the best advantage, temporal and spiritual. He is a scholar and a gentleman, and while not casting his affections upon the things of this world, he realizes the value of everything that is good and Godly. He cares for good books, for good music, for fine paintings, and even for a good cigar, a recherché dish and a rare glass of wine, thus improving the injunction that "all things work together for them that love God." Although he does not wear the full Episcopal habit, the apron and gaiters of a British bishop, and his rank is alone denoted by a rosette in his generously

brimmed silk hat, nobody could possibly mistake Dr. Johnson for anything but a bishop. His figure is portly, his mien most dignified; his gait is measured, his manner courtly and his diction unctuous. It is indeed eminently proper that so many of the comely virtues of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman should be thus combined in the Episcopal presence.

Bishop Johnson was born in Schenectady, N. Y., June 4, 1847. He graduated from Williams College in 1870 and the General Theological Seminary three years later. He is a Doctor of Divinity of Nashotah, Wisconsin. He was ordained deacon in 1873, and priest a year later, and was in charge of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Highlands, N. Y., from 1873 to 1879. In the latter year he was appointed rector of Trinity Church, Bristol, R. I., where he remained until 1886, when he was appointed rector of Christ Church, Detroit, presiding over that important parish for ten years, until elevated to the episcopate. In 1881 he married Miss Isabel Green Davis, daughter of Isaac Davis, Worcester, Mass.

In his ten years' residence in Los Angeles, Bishop Johnson has been the inspiration of, and has led, many good works. If I am not mistaken, he was the founder, or at least the principal spirit in the grand development, of the Good Samaritan hospital. The bishop has also been a prominent factor in maintaining and enlarging the Barlow Sanitarium.

His clergy respect him for the breadth of his vision, the kindness and wisdom of his guidance and counsel. All Episcopalians have the utmost confidence in his efficiency. In whatever society the bishop finds himself, he adapts himself to its requirements, and always has the kindest word for the humblest member of his flock. He is a member of the California Club, and of those aristocracies of intellect, the one confined to males, the other to both sexes, the Sunset and the Sesame respectively.

Are Women's Clubs Worth While?

BY THE CLUB WOMAN

II.

What the Clubs Haven't Done.

Is there anything the clubs have not done? Looking over the calendars one feels convinced that there is no subject in the encyclopedia, or out of it, that the leading organizations of Los Angeles have not explored, more or less superficially.

It makes me have a queer, confused feeling in the back part of my head when I think of what I have heard since the club season began. First, there is literature—ancient classical, modern classical, and "six-best-seller" classical. Personally, I like the last sort of literature because it is no tax on the higher attributes of the mind I hear so much about nowadays. I confess that the new novels are just wicked enough to make one able to endure wearing the dreary mask of absolute goodness one has to assume as a club member. Of course, I am "good" in the sense that I try to be as near the high and lofty standard of American womanhood as possible, but I should be quite discouraged by the knowledge of my shortcomings if it were not for the contemplation of the latest heroines of fiction. They make me feel as

free from human frailties as I try to appear when I go among other women and with them pursue culture. And there is something exciting in the chance of becoming acquainted with women, who are not what the heroine in Marion Crawford's last novel calls "technically virtuous." It is strange how keen we women are to know these *declassé* persons on the printed page. We despise them in real life—at a distance—but in books we weep over their troubles.

It always astonishes me when the severest spinster in our club chooses as her subject a topic that one would suppose would let in an unholy red light upon the gray cloisters of her soul. I have listened to essays about the reprehensible loves of the poets and musicians that made me feel that I had wasted my life in not being able to find a congenial soul for whom I could sacrifice my spotless reputation. I remember how our club felt about Juliette Drouet and Victor Hugo. As I sat in my chair and tried to look as if my heart were a perfectly proper ball-bearing piece of mechanism, warranted to throb with conventional regularity, I was for the half hour enamored of romance of the left handed sort. Infidelity and immorality appeared grand and noble when viewed through a literary haze and, as an organization; our

club almost approved of it, for we have all ceased to blush since we finished our course of Bernard Shaw plays. After I had come back to the real world and found myself drinking tea with the air of one who had just finished the last international Sunday School lesson leaf, I wondered whether our club is not sometimes "spiritually immoral" even while it is always so "technically virtuous." I am sure I felt ashamed of myself. But enough of literature.

Without mentioning in detail our art programs, which have followed the esthetic development of each country in succession, or our music outlines, which have reviewed the work of the composers from Palestrina to Arthur Farwell, naturally I skip to our miscellaneous subjects ranging from pure food to poor persons. We have lecturers and, one pure food day, a woman brought a whole laboratory with her for the purpose of showing us how to make tests to see whether the coffee was five-sixths chicory or only one-tenth adulterated. She also taught us how to find the formaldehyde in milk. After she had advised us to ascertain how often the cows that supply the dairies we patronize have carbolic acid baths, she said all the club women ought to make a fight for pure milk, as the lives of hundreds of infants were at stake. One or two members wanted us to agitate a campaign for the benefit of bottle babies, but our president was shocked. "We are not directly interested in babies," she declared. "Why should we waste time we need for the study of the Igorrotes?" No one could give a satisfactory answer and the campaign in the interest of bottle babies is one of the things the clubs haven't done.

There, I digressed from our miscellaneous subjects. Well, we have had programs on "Cruelty to Animals," "The Independent Volition of Flowers as As Indicated by the Wild Cucumber Vine," "The Spread of Fletcherism, or Chewing as a Fine Art," "The Cremation of Garbage," and "Have Physicians a Right to Extend their Prerogative So That They Can Take Life More Frequently?" We have discussed vegetarian diet, Oslerism, California laws for women, forestry, irrigation, new theories of the alienists, public baths and college settlements.

But now that I have our season's work I see that the clubs haven't *done*—they've only talked. Between talking and doing there is as great a difference as there is between Northern California and Southern California. There, I must be fair and I have overlooked the fact that the clubs tried to celebrate Arbor day, but Providence interfered. They have aided the school children to improve school grounds. They have awakened interest in an art gallery, but their efforts have been scattered.

But I often think what a tremendous force we would all become if we could all unite on some great public reform. We have a potential power great enough to regulate the saloon evil, to compel the city to be kept clean and to prevent many frightful offenses against public decency, but we do not wish to do anything that would not be conventional.

Often I ask myself why our clubs do nothing for shop girls and other self-supporting women. I don't mean in the line of sweat shop and child labor agitation. I am not concerned in the patronizing sort of philanthropy that we now and then extend. Have we ever begun a new year with the pledge that each club member would take one unprotected girl, or one struggling woman under her protection? Suppose

each of the 600,000 women represented by the General Federation watched over a girl who is in the wage struggle. Couldn't we prevent a lot of real-life plots for modern problem novels and plays from being acted to a tragic finish? I am not blaming the clubs more than I blame myself, but it is strange that, even though we are increasing in our knowledge of art and books and music, we do not add to our stock of practical altruism. Have we ever shared our club houses with the women who are part of the big problems we discuss? Have we ever done anything to improve the spiritual and intellectual lives of the women less lucky than ourselves? We have made spasmodic efforts, but they have amounted to little because we are so conscious of class distinctions that we act as if we were missionary societies when we attempt to carry out the universal sisterhood idea.

We haven't done anything that really counts for women—that is what we haven't done. And it seems a great deal! I am depressed by the idea. Therefore I shall do as all the other club members do. I shall forget about the Other Women. The easiest way is to go to my dressmaker. After all, may I not smother my conscience by reflecting that it would not be well to have our programs repeated, evenings, for the benefit of the toilers? The subject we might discuss might be bad for minds not educated up to the calm contemplation of wickedness in the masterpieces of genius. No, club life might not help the wage earners and the girls that will become the prey of the worst forces in city life. I shall put this serious thought about Duty out of my mind. Shall I have my new Rajah silk made in empire or princess style—that is a question I can decide.

WHERE IS HE?

From Atlantic to Pacific
Goes the people's cry terrific,
From Pacific to Atlantic
Echoes back the query frantic—
And America is yearning
For the answer unreturning,
Yearning for a voice to tell her
Where is John D. Rockefeller?

He, the mighty moneyed magnate,
He whose billions do not stagnate,
But in pipe lines circulating
Earn a million while you're waiting—
He, the lord of oil and dollars,
Like the least of truant scholars,
Hides in garret or in cellar—
Where is John D. Rockefeller?

Follow after him and find him.
Like a pack of hounds behind him
Let some journalist aspirant
Run to earth the Standard tyrant.
By his luxury that pleases
To import his special cheeses,
Find the scent, some gifted smeller,
Track the cheese and Rockefeller.

—A. R. ROPES.

To the surprise of all his colleagues, Laurence D'Orsay has scored a second big hit in Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "The Embassy Ball." The reviewers declare that the author has fitted the actor to a nicely in the new play, giving him all the characteristics of "The Earl of Pawtucket," yet more steeped in fun. D'Orsay does not have to act such parts—he simply plays himself.

Books and Their Reading

BY R. H. HAY CHAPMAN

The Sunset Club, composed of some seventy men who care for the best things in life, devoted their last evening's symposium to a discussion on what is certainly one of the highest boons of existence—Books. The pleasure of reading is only surpassed by the joy of playing with little children, but, in either event, it is futile, indeed impossible, to lay down hard and fast rules of course or conduct. Some years ago Sir John Lubbock in reply to a popular demand made a selection of the "Hundred Best Books." No doubt, this selection, which of course included masterpieces, was helpful to many young students, but no man, however learned and however catholic in his tastes, can prescribe for you or me what we should or should not read. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is as true of books as of diet. Therefore to assume an attitude of dictation such as is done by some librarians is impertinent. Even a child's taste should not be forced. If an infant's system needs sugar, he will cry for sugar, and his own instinctive demand is, in the majority of cases, wiser than all the counsel of physicians. Much, of course, can be done in training the young idea "how to shoot" or how to read by the power of simple suggestion. The child wandering through a well selected library can only choose good books, but when a father puts certain volumes behind glass, under lock and key, the curiosity of a boy can never be satisfied by any other volume than those prohibited. To condemn a book to an index expurgatorius or to label it unfit is at once to provide an incitement to the young, and even to the mature, mind to devour it at the first clandestine opportunity.

An interesting feature of the Sunset Club's discussion was brought out by the apparently prevalent conviction that while this is an age of more universal "education" and general intelligence than that of any previous era, yet the popular literary taste is deplorable. One speaker had the sagacity to point out that such a view was fallacious in that a thousand people read today where one used books a hundred years ago. The colossal output of hundreds of thousands of presses accounts for the flood of unworthy publications—not literature—which engulfs and pollutes public taste, and there can be no viler and surer corrupting avenue of literary taste than that paved by the omnivorous reading of newspapers and periodicals. The penny newspaper and the ten-cent magazine, while the majority of them are well written,—indeed far better written than most of the output of all the printing presses of a hundred years ago,—are calculated to vitiate, and often to destroy, the natural capacity for the enjoyment of good books. In my own personal experience, I know this to be true. For many years, by force of circumstances and not by choice, I was wont to scan—not even to peruse—scores of newspapers every day of my life. Gradually my taste, once strong for "belles lettres," grew weaker. The very physical effort of reading many newspapers so exhausts the eye that when the day's work is done one cannot concentrate the optic nerve on consistent reading, but finds one's hands spasmodically turning the pages of magazines or other current literature. the eye refreshed by the pictures, but

the brain seizing only an occasional sentence or paragraph of the text. For many years I used to discipline myself,—and in a measure succeeded,—by insisting on reading, for at least half an hour before going to sleep, certain books that seemed to me worth while—Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," odd volumes of "The Spectator," in the days of Addison and Steele, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," a volume of Tennyson, and a few old friends from my shelves of Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, and my favorite novel of all, George Borrow's "Lavengro." This half hour's exercise, which was by no means always easy or pleasant, was in a measure a saving grace.

Newspaper and periodical reading beget the perilous habit, aye, the deadly sin, of "skipping,"—imperative if one must absorb and digest the news and thought of the day, but desperately inimical to the true pleasures of reading. Indeed this perilous practice, if persistent, brings forth in time the Dead Sea fruit of literary disgust. The once most interesting essay, the poem, each line of which one loved in fresh and unspoiled youth, fails to command and hold earnest attention. The eye hops from paragraph to paragraph, from verse to verse, no longer letting the mind enjoy the fragrance of each sentence, the beauty of each bud of thought, and before you realize it, you may have lost one of the dearest joys of living, the peace and pleasure of a good book.

"There is," wrote Sir John Herschell, "a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet: 'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.' It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

Therefore, my son, if you would preserve this precious taste, abjure the debauching appetite of consuming newspapers. Certain journals you must read, of course, but select carefully the daily newspaper that suits you best, and read no more of it than you must do to keep yourself informed, as should every good citizen of the world, of the State and of the City.

There are many fads, fashions and fancies among those who pose as "well read," and the most offensive person one can meet in a long day's march is he who waxes didactic over what the rest of the world should read. The literary sermonizers who themselves learned to read many decades ago may lash themselves into ferocious wrath because this generation will not read Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, but their fury will only satisfy themselves and excite derision elsewhere. The massive circumlocution, the prodigious paragraphs, that so frequently characterize the work of any of this illustrious trio form stumbling blocks to the boy or girl whose taste has been nourished on the terse, crisp "stories" of the modern newspaper, from which, when carefully edited, every redundant word and every superfluous

sentence have been scrupulously expunged, and whose criterion is found in the short, simple, but essentially strong word-painting of Kipling. The truth is that our forefathers were blessed enough to enjoy so much more leisure than ourselves. A whole week's journey of a hundred years ago is consumed today in less than twenty-four hours. Electricity, which has revolutionized travel and message, and hence has so quickened the pace of life, has also had its tremendous influence upon literature. The story that Scott or Thackeray took ten pages to tell is told today by Kipling in a single page, and the latter suits the mood and tense of the present generation much better. Furthermore, it is much more difficult to tell a story in one hundred words than in one thousand, and those who lament an alleged deterioration in literature seldom are themselves masters of the art of writing. The man who exalts himself above his fellows, who quotes himself as "laudator temporis

acti," the glorifier of the day that is gone, rarely reads the best contemporary literature, and when he does, it is with a prejudicial sneer. It were futile to point out to the elderly gentleman, who still revels in Scott and other ponderous classics, that the pages of Maeterlinck, of Oscar Wilde, and of Edith Wharton, reveal new beauties of style never dreamed of by the old masters. But if a man find peace and consolation, happiness and rest in books, what matter it whether they be volumes of the "classics," or the last assortment of "penny dreadfuls," or "best sellers?" No one is foolish or insolent enough to quarrel with or correct his friend because their tastes differ in flowers, and the one prefers the humble violet, and the other the gorgeous rose. The note of the age, in religion, in science and in all the arts is tolerance. Please Heaven and the Muses, our librarians will be less didactic and more tolerant.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus

BY JOHN KNICKERBOCKER

Hustle, bustle, rustle, tussle!

In his mind's eye the stranger sees these verbal representatives of the strenuous life sticking up like pickets on every square rod of the area of Los Angeles.

All American cities, in the estimation of traveled Europeans, are driven with full pressure of steam. Los Angeles conveys the distinct impression, however, that the safety-valve is screwed down. In no other city on earth is there such an everlasting business scramble as is seen throughout the length and breadth of this City of the Angels.

The idea is conveyed to the newcomer that every man in Los Angeles is engaged in a chase in which his very life depends. And it is a real chase. The object is in sight; it bears the stamp of the United States Government, and long ago it was designated as "the almighty dollar."

It is safe to say, probably, that nine-tenths of the men of Los Angeles live almost entirely in the future. They have no time for the present enjoyment, no appreciation of that glorious sentiment, "As we journey through life let us live by the way."

Catch the almighty dollar, even at the risk of breaking your neck in the chase. Toss it upon the already accumulated pile and rush around for the next one in sight, without even stopping to take breath. That is the stranger's conception of business life in Los Angeles, based upon what he sees and hears.

But instead of this intense and perpetual strain of business activity, the men of Los Angeles have exceptional opportunities for "living by the way" as they "journey through life." The road to fortune is comparatively short in this city. For evidence on that point note the scores of men who, a very few years ago, started in business with empty pockets and apparently dubious prospects. Today they note their accumulated dollars with six figures, some of them with seven.

And, cui bono? For what or for whom is this ceaseless, nerve-racking, mind-harrowing, body-destroying chase and scramble for the almighty dollar?

"To enjoy a fortune in old age and to leave an inde-

pendent competence for wife and children. A laudable ambition per se. But that ambition does not carry with it a necessity for such personal sacrifice as most Los Angeles business men seem to be making.

An independent competence for a child is not the most precious legacy. Many fathers—Los Angeles fathers—have cause for such sad reflection in old age as wise old Solomon describes:

"Therefore, I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous to me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it unto the man that should be after me; and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?"

Ah, "there's the rub." Will the heir to that stack of dollars the beneficiary of a parental life of worry, struggle and self-denial—prove to be a "wise man or a fool?"

This sad reflection in the closing period of a strenuous business life is not especially fitting, of course, to the dollar chasers of Los Angeles. The doleful sentiment of Solomon is impressed upon the minds of men today in every nook and corner of the habitable earth. To the widely traveled stranger, however, it seems that the dollar chasing habit is more conspicuous and more nearly universal in Los Angeles than in any other large city.

But go beyond the presentiment that haunted Solomon in his old age and note the outcome, as gloriously manifested in many instances here in Los Angeles. What percentage of the heirs and beneficiaries of fortunes acquired in this city can be pointed to as worthy sons of their sires? True, there are bright examples here of the fact that Solomon's foreboding is not always realized. It is an adage, nevertheless, that "the exception proves the rule," and the question is an open one whether the average Los Angeles heir is not amenable to the wise man's expression of misgiving.

The comparative quickness with which fortunes are acquired in this city may account, in large measure, for the eagerness of the dollar chase and for the

comparative neglect of everything else. A man whose mind is wholly occupied with that chase, who follows the glitter of gold as if he were under its hypnotic influence, is practically a stranger in his own home. His mind is so absorbed with thoughts of money-making, even within the domestic circle, that he gives but little or no time to family cares, particularly the proper rearing of his children. And it is this dereliction of home duty that lays the foundation for such sorrowful ultimate reflection as Solomon voices in his lamentation.

But why should not the average business man of Los Angeles build his fortune and at the same time enjoy life to the rational limit? Why should he not also contribute to his home life a fair share of the energy, tact and judgment that make him successful in business affairs? And, concerning "the man who shall be after him," train up the youngster "in the way he should go."

The business men of Los Angeles should enjoy life more fully than men of their class in any other city of the world. They have close to 365 days in the year that are available either for active business pursuits or for pleasure. In all other large cities of the United States there are many days in the year when climatic conditions preclude either business or pleasure, at least to a great extent.

A modification of that perennial dollar chasing habit is a glaring need in Los Angeles, according to the view of the discerning stranger. "Enough is as good as a feast,"—a great deal better, in fact. The pursuit of wealth is all right, within reasonable limitations, but it should stop short of jeopardizing the life of home and family, without which there can be no true happiness.

Hurry, scurry and worry are natural enemies of contentment, the fundamental element of happiness. They are more to be dreaded than the disease germs that science persistently parades before our eyes at every turn. There is neither need nor excuse for exceptional hurry or worry in Los Angeles, and both should be cast out, or at least reduced to minimum proportions.

"Life is but a span" at best—the kind of span defined as "the extent between the thumb and little finger when stretched out." It is not a bridge span. Then why not enjoy life while it lasts?"

"Dum vivimus, vivamus,"—while we live, let us live. Or, as more picturesquely expressed in the equivalent quoted before,—"While we journey through life let us live by the way."

Still Incomparable

It has been no uncommon thing during the past two or three months to hear of the kicking tourist—kicking because of the rain. Well, it has rained a good deal of the time for the past seven or eight weeks—during which period, by the way, snow and hail and sleet and zero weather have ruled intermittently everywhere east of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and especially in the New England and Middle States and throughout the upper Mississippi Valley,—but that same rain has been for the most part warm and gentle, and it has clothed the hills and plains with grasses and flowers and made all nature smile. In the mountains, and especially in the Sierra Nevadas, there has been an immense snowfall, which will fill the great natural reservoirs to overflowing and make the stupendous cataracts in the Yosemite Valley marvels of beauty for three or four months to come. To be sure, there has been some lack of our boasted sunshine; but, really there have been few days when the tourist has been compelled to stay entirely within doors. It is a noteworthy fact that during our seasons of great rains the precipitation is one-half that of Florida and three-fifths less than that at Nice and Mentone and elsewhere along the Riviera. Therefore, while there have not been so many sunshiny days as during four winters out of every five, our climate has been equable, healthful and delicious beyond that of the many-boasted places of Florida, the Caribbean sea islands and the cities along the Mediterranean.

Literary Leaves

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, announce in active preparation an important book on "Consumption: Its Relation to Man and his Civilization," by John Bessner Huber, M.D. At a time when the study and discussion of this dreaded disease is so active, and appealing to the layman as well as the physician, this book should attract great attention. In writing this volume it has been Dr. Huber's purpose to furnish a comprehensive exposition of the effect consumption has had upon civilization, and a consideration of its relation to human affairs. The view has been taken that medical science cannot cope alone and unaided with this difficult and prodigious world-problem—many forces, economic, legislative, sociological, humanitarian, must be enlisted.

Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, announce that they have in press two initial volumes of a series of Nature books which are to be a distinctive feature among the forthcoming publications of this Western house. "The Garden Book of California," by Belle Sumner Angier of Los Angeles, will cover the general subject of home gardening with particular reference to local conditions. The other volume is a revised and enlarged edition of Charles Keeler's "Bird Notes Afield." Both volumes will be adequately illustrated and decorated. They will be ready this spring.

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Whirl of the Week

Foreign.

After snarling for weeks over the Morocco bone the French and German wolves have agreed on a plan of division. At long distance it looks as if Germany was coming out something like the Indian who divided the joint hunting spoils with the white man—France seems to be getting the turkey and Germany the buzzard.

A movement for introducing the beet sugar industry in England has met with a setback at the start. The promoters of it desired to secure a protective rebate in their interest, but the response of the government was unfavorable. Whether this failure will be fatal to the proposition is a question under consideration.

The famine conditions in Japan are growing worse instead of better. The scene of distress is so widespread and the population covered is so dense that all the efforts of the government, supplemented by liberal contributions from the United States, Great Britain and other countries, fail to check the suffering.

National.

That is a suggestive story from an Indian town telling how a bachelor farmer in the neighborhood found in the morning eight babies that had been left at his door. The extraordinary volume of the infantile output indicates the operation of a stork trust.

A movement is in progress to impeach the mayor of Toledo, the charge being "failure to keep his oath." It is not stated whether he was expected to keep it in cold storage or in a safe deposit vault.

At a meeting of the National Council of Women a speaker declared that "Woman achieves her greatest triumphs when she fulfills the wishes of her creator." Detailed information about the creator's wishes was not given.

A New York minister has introduced the novel idea of advertising his church service in billboard fashion. He defends the plan on the ground that it is "in line with the present progressive spirit of the Christian church," but some of his parishioners declare it is more in the spirit of the chewing-gum industry.

The coal miners have shown laudable consideration for the people in their selection for a strike date. Two years ago the strike of the anthracite coal miners was delivered at the beginning of winter. This time April 1 was selected as striking day all along the coal line. It remains to be seen whether the miners or the coal barons are the "April fools." As for the people, April means the end of cold weather.

At last John Alexander Dowie begins to show some similarity to the Prophet Elijah, of whom he claims to be the reincarnation. The first Elijah was glad, when in extremes, to receive food from ravens. John Alexander seems to be reaching the point where he may have to accept crow food.

A Baltimore clergyman, adopting the new style of methods to swell the size of his congregation, introduced free pool tables in the basement of the church. The scheme is said to be so successful that crowds are attracted, causing regular pool rooms in the neighborhood to be deserted.

The pleasures of spring traveling in Colorado are shown in this dispatch from Denver: "A rotary and seven engines reached Gunnison today (April 1), after having been snow-bound for sixteen days on Alpine Pass, during which time the engineers were compelled to remain in their cabs."

R. P. Schwerin, manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship company, has gone to Panama in company with two or three leading officials of the Southern Pacific railway. They are likely to give valuable suggestions to the canal commission—from their own interested point of view.

A greater than Death Valley "Scotty," as a worker of the imaginary mine scheme, is reported in Chicago. A Mexican claiming to own a \$25,000,000 mine in his native country has been entrapping moderately wealthy women into the

meshes of matrimony by the glitter of his alleged colossal fortune. One of the singed feminine moths, who was muleted to the extent of \$40,000, has made criminal complaint, but the bogus Croesus has absconded.

A gracious act on the part of Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, will add greatly to the eclat of the Franklin bi-centenary celebration in Philadelphia, April 17. During the American revolution, when the British had possession of Philadelphia, a portrait of Benjamin Franklin was purloined from the Franklin home. That portrait has hung in the home of Earl Grey's family 120 years, and it will be presented to Philadelphia on the occasion of the bi-centenary.

A distinguished Chicago specialist in tuberculosis declares that twenty years hence there will be no such thing as tuberculosis disease in Germany, and he says "there will be no excuse for Americans if there is any in America." This forecast is based upon results obtained in systematic effort to stamp out the white plague in Germany, and also the start made in the same direction here.

The strong hold that the municipal ownership idea is taking upon the masses was exemplified in the Kansas City municipal election last Tuesday. Each of the party platforms involved, Republican and Democratic, declared in favor of municipal ownership, the difference being only in matters of detail.

State.

The California oil industry has reached a most gratifying condition as reported by the State association of producers. It is stated that "the consumption of California oil now practically is equal to the production, and the outlook for better prices is very encouraging."

The toga of a California state senator cannot be held in very high esteem when its owner casts it off to accept the job of postmaster in a town the size of Eureka. But Senator Selvage of Humboldt county has just resigned to accept the aforesaid job.

Colusa reports that all the grain on its side of the Sacramento river, in that neighborhood, will be a total loss because of the overflow, covering thousands of acres.

A circus northward bound and a show-girl company bound southward to Los Angeles, both held up two days by landslides in the mountains at Tehachapi, are mishaps resulting from the recent rains. But hundreds of ordinary passengers had the same unpleasant experience.

The flood situation at the great Salton sink steadily grows worse, there being no sign of abatement in the water inpour. At last accounts the town of Calexico, on the Salton border, was flooded to such an extent that there was a foot of water on the Southern Pacific tracks.

A new railway company has been incorporated, credited to the Santa Fe managers. It is called the Barnwell and Searchlight Railway company, and is intended to tap the Searchlight mining district.

A mining man who was married in San Francisco this week had an unparalleled wedding present. It was announced in a letter from Dawson telling him that in a Klondike mine owned by him the skeleton of a mastodon was found. In one of the eyesockets, as related, gold gravel was discovered that yielded \$1600. Later it may be found that the animal's decayed teeth were gold-filled.

The attempt of the Southern Pacific railway company to bar Gould's Western Pacific road from entrance to the water front at Oakland is doomed to failure. The Gould managers have applied for a new route franchise which, it is said, the city council will grant.

Some of the work turned out by the last legislature was not only graft-tainted but constitutionally rotten. For instance, the supreme court at a single sitting has declared two of the session's laws invalid, one the act to prevent scalping of theater tickets and the other an act requiring the exact weight of butter parcels to be stamped thereon.

San Diego reports an auspicious opening of the bull fighting season last Sunday, just across the Mexican border in

the town of Tia Juana. Americans, as usual, were liberal patrons of the sport, a large number having journeyed from San Diego and Coronado. The report says, enthusiastically, "It was the best exhibition ever given at the Tia Juana arena."

Local.

There are now 160 mail carriers in Los Angeles, 16 having been installed the present week. Because of the large number of temporary residents in this city, at all times, the pressure upon the carrier service is exceptionally heavy.

The management of the Fiesta has very properly decided that there shall be no glaring advertising devices to mar the beauty of the display. All sorts of schemes for that purpose have been broached to merchants.

A novelty in the way of social entertainment occurred this week, the "favors" consisting of an outing over the Santa Fé kite-shaped track, with luncheon served at a hotel in one of the cities en route.

Having bestowed the parental blessing upon his newly acquired and erstwhile erratic son-in-law, millionaire brewer Busch is investing some of his spare cash at the Pacific coast

Venice. He is said to have a hotel and is said to be about to tap another financial keg for the stimulation of Abbot Kinney's enterprise.

It makes the chronic pessimist groan to read that Los Angeles broke all its building records last month, with the magnificent total of 927 permits, representing a cash value of \$2,165,307.

The last prop was knocked from under the alleged rights of "coursing" by a decision rendered this week. No more will the fleet rabbit be the greyhound's victim at Baldwin's Arcadia.

The new chief of detectives is the recipient of a costly gift offering from his subordinates and other members of the police force. The present is described as "a gold star set with a large diamond." The incident suggests this paraphrase: "Let not him boast that putteth his armor on, but him that taketh it off."

Many extraordinary causes for divorce come to light in the local courts, but one was disclosed this week that would be hard to match. It was an allegation that the husband for four weeks obliged his wife to eat cabbage three times a day. Divorce granted.

"By the Way"

THAT RIVER-BED FRANCHISE.

Horrible Example.

The past week has seen municipal history manufactured at a rapid rate in the City of Los Angeles. Indeed, it is to be questioned whether any period of equal length has beheld events of such portentous influence in shaping the destiny of the pueblo. For this reason I propose to review the late unlamented river-bed franchise at some length. For a long time the Graphic has believed, and has at intervals emphasized its convictions, that the present Council is the most inefficient and most thoroughly non-trustworthy body that the city has suffered in a generation. The last Republican convention, which nominated all but two of this Council, was gathered together for the sole purpose of renominating Werdin for street superintendent. The mere fact that it made such a nomination in the face of opposition supplied pregnant evidence of what kind of material the convention was composed. Nobody paid much attention to the nominations for Council, and a set of men either untried and unknown, or too well known, managed to creep in. Their insignificant caliber and their rank inefficiency were evident almost from the start; but of the majority of them it was charitably thought that they were disposed to be honest. Indeed, as nearly everything in sight had already been given away, and as public sentiment was strong and fairly well organized in favor of "a square deal" for the City as against the corporations, it looked for a time as though this Council might survive its term without open scandal, and the City might run the risk of having some of them returned, on the despairing "good-enough" theory which too often determines the nomination of our city officials. That danger at least is now past. Nothing but a political miracle could ever bring about the renomination of any one of the nine, for the public has had an object lesson in what it means to let the corporations nominate their councilmen, which ought to last through an entire generation.

The Conspiracy.

It seems, however, that we had not given away

quite everything. There still remained the river bed, which most of us had regarded as sacred for the protection of the city from floods. A long series of dry years have caused people to forget the days when a tawny torrent raged through the river bed, flush with the top of the embankment; and perhaps the large withdrawal of water above the city has rendered precautions unnecessary. At all events, Mr. Huntington wanted a strip forty feet wide, three miles long, from the southern boundary of the city north to Aliso street on the west bank of the river. Even so, he did not come into the Council, openly asking for it, in order that it might be put up to be bid upon as the state law requires with respect to electric franchises, but taking advantage of recent decisions which have thrown open steam roads for use as electric, he applied through Mr. E. W. Gilmore, a paving contractor, for a twenty-one year franchise for a steam road. Few outside the Council even guessed Mr. Huntington's connection with the Gilmore demand. All that developed later. Some months before, Mr. Gilmore had asked for a franchise to run a steam road to carry gravel along the river bed, and it had been "hung up" without action. The first that anybody outside the coterie of plotters in the Council knew of the new proposed franchise was when Mr. Gilmore's attorney, Mr. W. R. Hervey, shortly before noon on Monday, March 26, laid it before Assistant City Attorney Hewitt, and asked whether it was correct "as to form." Glancing at the opening phrases, Mr. Hewitt nodded his head, and later notified his principal, Acting City Attorney Goudge, that the sand railway franchise was apparently coming up again that afternoon. Inquiries made by Mr. Goudge and by Mr. Willard, the latter of whom represented the Municipal League, brought out the answer from all the seven councilmen present (Smith and Summerland being absent) that they knew practically nothing about the matter. "They had heard it mentioned." At 4 o'clock the trap was sprung. The ordinance—an emergency measure—was read, and in spite of the protests of the City Attorney and Mr. Willard, was jammed through to an instantaneous vote.

The Franchise.

The proposed franchise gave to Mr. Gilmore and his assigns the right to use the strip of land which

I have described above for a period of twenty-one years, with no provision for forfeiture at the end of that time, to be used for a steam railway, which, as we have seen, can readily be changed to an electric road. No restriction was included as to when the work was to begin, so if Mr. Gilmore or his unknown friends were speculating, they took no risk whatever. There was no provision for recompense to the city of any kind, sort or description. The franchise was not to be bid for under competition, nor was any percentage of receipts to go to the city, nor did the city reserve any rights of condemnation and recovery. The city would get nothing; it would give away an asset, which on its face was worth about a million dollars, but which should not be sold for any amount in its proposed form. Take it all in all, with the exception of the Gas Works steal in Philadelphia, and a few enterprises put through in Chicago, it was probably the most unspeakably impudent measure ever offered to a body of municipal legislators.

A Close Shave.

Two men voted a feeble "no." They were Hammon of the Second, and Houghton of the Sixth. The chairman, Blanchard, declared the measure lost. Then, after some of his accustomed foolish backing and filling, Houghton changed his vote, and the chair declared the measure carried. Instantly the Council adjourned. Then the storm broke. In an hour the story was told in all the clubs and gathering places that the Council had deliberately given away one of the city's most valuable assets, a part of the river bed, and the only available route for entrance into the city by a transcontinental road. The morning papers were a unit in condemning the act. Then came the Assistant City Attorney, H. J. Goudge—one of the ablest and most courageous men ever in the employ of the city—with the cheering message that the ordinance had not legally passed the Council, as the change in Houghton's vote had taken place after the result had been announced. A special meeting of the Council had been already called for Wednesday, and it was immediately divined that the measure was to be jammed through at that time. But in the meantime the city had passed through a narrow escape, though few knew of it until afterwards. Mayor McAleer was out of the city, and Summerland of the Fourth ward, whose boast it is that he always stands with the other boys on anything, was Acting Mayor. Deputy Clerk Chas. L. Wilde, who was evidently a party to the plot, took the ordinance directly from the meeting to the Clerk, Mr. Lelande, and presented it to him with other ordinances of a routine character for signature. He explained the unusual haste by saying that "the 'boys' were waiting and were going to take it right to Summerland for his signature." Lelande asked what it was, and Wilde explained in an offhand manner that it was for a "spur track"—this in spite of the fact that he had been present at the discussion in the Council, and inevitably must have known its vast importance. Something in the subordinate's eagerness caused his chief to hesitate. He read into the document a little and then refused to sign it until he should have conferred with the City Attorney. And when the City Attorney declared the whole transaction illegal, because the result of the vote had been announced before the erratic Houghton changed front, it was Wilde who shamelessly denied that Blanchard had

ever made such an announcement, and did his best to wrench the record away from the facts. Incidentally it may be remarked that Wilde's head is to go into the basket. This is according to custom; the little fish are caught, but the big ones are allowed to get away.

Asses or Scalawags?

When a trick of this sort is to be turned in a legislative body, it is part of the game to put up some kind of a "case"—something that is by courtesy styled a defense. When we have traveled far enough away from this episode to obtain the true perspective, we shall probably decide that the finest piece of comedy in the whole transaction was the Council's deliberately writing themselves down as asses, in the vain hope that they might thereby fail to be rated as scalawags. The defense was that Gilmore had said the franchise was to be used for a transcontinental railway line which would bring new competition to this city. That any set of men outside an idiot asylum would take the unsupported word of one person—and he unknown in business affairs except as a paving contractor—and upon such slim speech should base a transaction of a million dollars, and that they should, even if his statement were true, grant a franchise without a time limit and with none of the rights and interests of the city protected—this was not to be believed for a moment, and no one now accepts it in good faith. While it had the diplomatic status of a "defense," it was in effect an insult to the intelligence of the public to whom it was offered. However, early in the proceedings all possible doubt as to whether it was a "Gould line," as Houghton had mysteriously suggested, or

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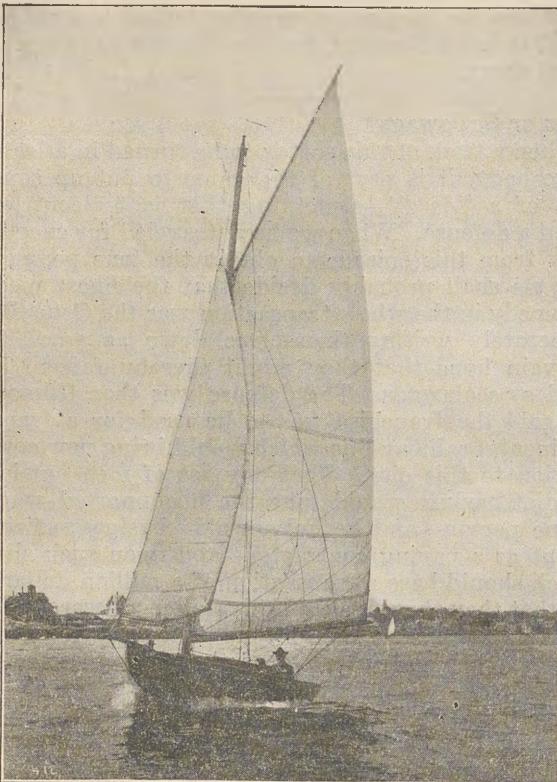
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any other kind of a transcontinental line, was cleared out of the way by telegrams obtained by the Examiner and Express from New York, and the thing stood revealed—a bald, cheap fake.

The Circus.

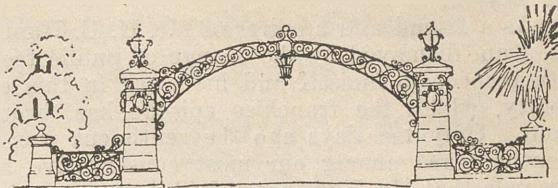
In the meantime the Council met a second time to close up the loophole left open Monday by Houghton's change of vote. Smith of the Fifth ward had returned, cutting short the two weeks' vacation for which he had asked. It is a significant fact that he had expected, and intended, to be back by the preceding Monday, but was caught in a washout. Possibly, had he been on time, Houghton's vote would not have been needed. There were now eight votes in Council, Summerland still acting as Mayor, with McAleer speeding southward like Sheridan on his ride to Winchester. Wednesday afternoon a great crowd assembled in the city hall, filling every available inch of space in the lobby and the gallery. For over an hour beyond their meeting time the Council remained in secret session, letting their constituents shift from one foot to another to rest themselves while standing. It was a cheerful sight. I was among those present, and wondered at the general calm and silence, for back of it all I knew a great storm was brewing. At last the eight sneaked back to their seats, followed by the doughty Gilmore, with Blanchard in the lead. The dead franchise was withdrawn and filed, and another, of which nothing but the title was read, was substituted for it. This, as it afterward transpired, was in exactly the same terms as the original. The ball opened with a plain, dispassionate but strong presentation of the Municipal League's protest by Mr. Willard. I had counted some thirty or forty League people present in the lobby. Mr. Willard had scarcely begun to speak, when he was interrupted by Dr. Houghton, who asked "whether it was true that he had charged on the floor of the Council last Monday that a \$100,000 melon had been cut up, and did he mean by that expression that \$100,000, or any sum, had been distributed among the Council?" Evidently the Secretary of the League was ready for the question, for his response was carefully studied and marvelously adroit. His object clearly was to continue on a peace footing with the body, but to do very little explaining or apologizing. A fair sample of this curious utterance was in the concluding sentence, which ran as follows: "And I further wish to say that I entertain the same regard for the integrity and sincerity of purpose of this Council that is entertained. I have no doubt, by every gentleman in this room." Up to this time there had been complete silence, but at this sentence an uproar of derision broke out to the Council's extreme discomfiture. After Willard came Mr. J. O. Koepfli and Mr. W. J. Washburn in a few well chosen words; and clever speeches were made by Mr. Meyer Lissner and Mr. Marshall Stimson. Dr. Houghton lashed himself into a hysterical passion, beating the air in an attack upon the Municipal League. The City Attorney, Mr. Goudge, protested against the passage of the ordinance on the ground that it was not in proper form, and that the Council was undertaking to give away property that was not under its jurisdiction. The Councilmen sat in silent shame, and at last the vote was taken. The clerk, Mr. Wilde, announced eight affirmative votes—Hammon, the weakling, had gone over—and then came the one surprise

of the day—Smith rose and after a pretty but vapid little speech, in which he assured his colleagues of his admiration for them and his absolute confidence in their integrity, announced that he would vote “no” on the ordinance, because of insufficient information. Did he denounce the ordinance? Did he fight like an honest, courageous trustee of the City’s interest should fight on such an occasion? Did he ask for the City Attorney and demand a full statement from him of all the points that might be made against the measure, and press them one by one with all the force at his command? Nay, verily. His vote was purely pro forma. It is part of the general plan by which such games are played to vote some of your men against the measure, if you have votes to spare. You may need them in the other camp. Smith afterwards complained bitterly that he got no credit for his vote against the franchise. Well, he deserves none, and he gets none from me. I was there and I saw the performance, and having been born more than several years ago, I know a fake when I see it.

Saved Their Necks.

It was on Tuesday that Old Man Public Sentiment, woke up and began to take notice. Wednesday he was asking questions. Thursday he began to swear and talk loud. By Friday he was foaming at the mouth and looking around for ropes and guns. I have been wondering ever since what would have happened at the Council meeting Monday, if that body had not, long before that time, given notice through the newspapers that they wished to surrender without terms. The situation was certainly nearing the point of imminent tragedy. This is a law abiding community, but I am convinced that if these men had actually succeeded in giving away this piece of city property, and had finally refused to undo their evil work, their lives would not have been safe. We have heard the newspapers fulminate before, but this time the roar was deep down and desperately in earnest. Even the Times, which the public now expects to find on the Huntington side of all issues, seemed to be actually in earnest in its editorial objections to the measure, although most of its local reports was designed to help out the Council. The Express, Record, Examiner, and Herald all did yeoman service; but the News was seriously weakened by taking a wrong tack in the beginning, with the declaration that the franchise was for a Gould line. The Municipal League took charge of the fight, it being recognized by general public consent as the most substantial civic agency for such an undertaking. Meetings were called for every ward in the city. Committees were appointed to go to work on recall petitions and referendum petitions, attorneys were employed; and a circular letter was dispatched to the ministers of the city urging them to contribute their quota to arousing the public sentiment by touching on the matter in their sermons. It was indeed a pity that so well planned a campaign had to be knocked on the head by the Council’s repentance. By Friday noon that body was all in, Blanchard, the bell wether, leading the silly flock. McAleer arrived Wednesday night, and by Thursday morning was hard at work on a ferocious veto message. However, this would have availed nothing against the nine votes of the Council, had they seen fit to stand to it. Monday the veto was presented, and Smith moved that it be sent back as an “insult.”

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Nevertheless, the veto was sustained, and the great franchise episode came to an end.

The Lesson.

As a friend and admirer of Mr. H. E. Huntington, I am dismayed by the change of public feeling with respect to himself and his work in this community, which the franchise episode has brought about. Only ten days ago the sentiment was frequently heard among our most conservative business men that Mr. Huntington had done so much for this city that he was entitled to anything in reason he might ask for. Had he asked for this river bed franchise openly and above board, it might or might not have been granted him, but at least there would have been no ill feeling in the matter. But prompted by some evil genius, he undertook to obtain by stealth, for nothing, a franchise which in common decency he should have been ready to pay for. The public's sense is shocked and hereafter propositions from Mr. Huntington or his lieutenants will be scrutinized with extra care. Furthermore, there is a deep down resentment in the breast of every self-respecting citizen that the Council should be thrust upon us by the Southern Pacific, the street car and other public utility interests. Could there be a more complete and convincing example of the true state of things? How is it that these men so cheerfully do the bidding of corporations and sneer at the public? The answer is plain enough; they are nominated by the corporations and merely elected or ratified by the public. Take Mr. Smith of the Fifth for example. How did he come to be nominated? Ask any man who is familiar with the politics of that aristocratic region, which is

popularly known as the "good-thing" ward, the easiest section in the city to work. Did the majority of the responsible, intelligent men of the Fifth want Smith? They had never heard of him. His name had a familiar sound perhaps, but that was all—all except that a whisper ran along the line, "Parker wants him." And the "good thing" obeyed orders promptly. The Fifth ward reads the Times and believes every word of it, and will probably be "done" again next time. But the other wards look upon the corporation organ with one eye closed, and they are not likely to be caught again. A third lesson which this extraordinary incident teaches is the old one of the power of public sentiment when properly organized. And there is a demonstration beyond all question of the necessity for the existence of a large, well-conducted, permanent, public organization, such as the Municipal League has shown itself to be, that shall speak for the people and shall organize and lead a fight of this kind. The city has emerged from the episode uninjured, and if it will turn to account the lessons it has received, the gain may be enormous.

Randolph, Pacifier.

As I predicted two weeks ago, Col. Epes Randolph's engineering and diplomatic skill might be depended upon to smooth the rough chasms that threatened to divide the fortunes of Mr. H. E. Huntington and Mr. E. H. Harriman. Col. Randolph arrived at the psychological moment from his prodigious mine in Mexico, and was not alarmed by the threatened war between steam and electricity. It should be understood that Col. Randolph is Har-

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riman's plenipotentiary in the Southwest, and it is a strong factor for peace that he is also Mr. Huntington's most intimate friend and adviser. When ill health forced Col. Randolph to leave Los Angeles and his position as Mr. Huntington's right hand man, it was an incalculable loss, but Tucson is not so very far from Los Angeles after all. I was interested this week by the opinion of a very shrewd and well informed railroad man, who opposed my convictions that a peace between Huntington and Harriman was desirable. In his opinion, the best fortune that could happen to Los Angeles would be for Mr. Huntington and Mr. Harriman to be at war. Nevertheless, I think we shall all breathe more freely now that it is certain that, thanks to Col. Randolph's intervention, the transportation magnates have reached, in the language of diplomacy, a "modus vivendi."

Why Should He?

Those railway men who aspire to the position of General Manager of the Pacific Electric Railway have been fearing that W. E. Dunn, Esq., would receive the position. They need not have any apprehensions on that score. Mr. Dunn was offered the place at the time of Mr. Schindler's appointment and declined it. The position pays \$7,000 a year, and Mr. Dunn as advisor to Mr. H. E. Huntington and as a practitioner of law earns from \$12,000 to \$15,000. Mr. Huntington would have to pay him at least \$18,000 a year and what's the use? Mr. Dunn is now and has been for a long time practically the General Manager.

Whisper It.

I had expected to be able this week to shed additional light on the Republican Gubernatorial situation—I believed that Pardee's announcement might be out, or that the powers that be might have given out hints to be construed by the worldly wise into real "dope." But I can do no better than repeat what I have already written. "Whisper it gently, softly,—Gage, Henry T. Gage."

Name Will Not Down.

My information from San Francisco is that the Gage movement is growing like a snowball. The former governor's name will not down and his friends are actively passing along the word and are gaining ground every day. So great is this undercurrent for Gage that J. O. (Black) Hayes of San Jose is understood to have released Abe Ruef from any obligations that may have existed between them. "Black" Hayes may thus be said to be out of the running. Another candidate who is decidedly smaller in political stature than some weeks ago is Congressman Gillette—a holier-than-thou individual who has no qualities that appeal to the masses. Edson, the "man from the North" as his banners read before the last State Convention, is developing no strength outside of the neighborhood of his home; that is beyond the confines of Trinity, Shasta, Siskiyou, Lassen, Del Norte and a few of the extreme northern counties. Edson is a solid citizen, but he is geographically all wrong.

Herrin in an Airship.

While all this preliminary work is going on W. F. Herrin, the political head of the Southern Pacific, has taken passage in an airship. He is inaccessible

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on matters gubernatorial. Herrin is rarely seen at this stage of the brewing of a pot of political tea.

Gage, Henry T. Gage.

Whisper it gently,—softly. Gage, Henry T. Gage.

Strictly Formal.

The elite of the Democracy has given signs that it is neither dead nor sleeping, for its pulses were quickened last Saturday evening by a banquet, "strictly formal," given at the Jonathan Club, Messrs. Arthur C. Harper, Nathan Cole, Jr., and George M. Cake officiating as hosts. The dinner, according to the invitations issued, was "complimentary," but I cannot discover to whom the compliment was paid unless it was to Mr. John W. Mitchell, Pacificator Maximus of the disheveled remnants of the party. The invitations were also labeled: "Discussion: Democratic policy." The guests, about twenty in number, ranged from the kid-glove element represented by Mr. Frank Coulter, and the temperance element represented by Mr. Frank G. Finlayson, all the way down or up, as the case may be, to the Sparkling Burgundy of Practical Politics in the hands of Mr. Thomas McCaffery and Rag Time Journalism, represented by Mr. Steve Petterson. After an elaborate menu Mr. John W. Mitchell was asked by the chairman to lead the "discussion." I am told that in a facetious mood he turned to Mr. McCaffery and asked if there was a "program." When the Southern Pacific Oracle nodded in the negative, Mr. Mitchell proceeded to discuss Jeffersonian principles at some length and with great eloquence. Having resumed his seat, with due dignity and aplomb, the chairman then explained to him that his distinguished position also entitled him to lead the subscription list. In accents rare, Mr. Nathan Cole dilated that the resuscitation of the Democratic—erstwhile the Tammany—club, would cost about \$3,000 and that such

resuscitation was essential if the "Grand Destiny of the Party Was to be Realized in California." New furniture and fresh carpets were needed in the club's quarters; a thousand dollars had already been garnered; on this auspicious and suspicious occasion continued the chairman, it would be well to complete the essential sum. Whereupon, Mr. Mitchell rose again, this time not so gaily, and in a diplomatic way undertook to subscribe \$100, provided the other nineteen guests of the Harper-Cole-Cake "complimentary dinner" would do likewise. I am glad to hear that the sum was raised—at least on paper.

"Gaels."

"The Gaels of the West are responding nobly to the call for funds to assist in the Grand Gaelic Revival movement now in progress in the old land." So says the Leader, the personal organ of Rev. Father P. C. Yorke of San Francisco. "The Leader" goes further and gives a list of "Los Angeles Gaels" who have subscribed to the fund. Here are some of them: W. C. Patterson, W. J. Washburn, William Mead, J. S. Underwood, Frank S. Hicks, Dr. J. W. Trueworthy, Motley H. Flint, "Erny" Werdin, Joseph Mesmer, H. Le Sage and George Black. Yes, they are "Gaels" and they are doing nobly in politics, finance and other lines of Christian Endeavor.

Lowe's Plant.

My sympathies go out to the people of Alhambra and Dolgeville who are threatened with the invasion of a Lowe gas plant. A Lowe gas plant, you understand, is something better than a cyclone and something worse than a plague of grasshoppers. For months and years the residents of the Arroyo Seco and Garvanza have protested against the Lowe outfit in the Arroyo just beyond the corporation line. Now I have it that after discommoding these good people to the limit with a gas works in a resi-



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dence section, the plant is to be abandoned after having been allowed to run down. The new location is just southwest of the city limits of Alhambra and the Pasadena consumers of the Lowe companies are to be supplied from the new works. I wonder why it is that the Lowe people cannot place their gas factories where they belong. A gas factory, under any circumstances, is not a pleasant neighbor—in a residence district it becomes an intolerable nuisance. I always knew that Professor Lowe could dispense several brands of philanthropic gas and business "gas" is an old specialty of his, but the real article is distasteful to people near the factories.

Conservative's Identity Gone.

I am told that the racket originating in San Francisco over the merging of the Pacific Mutual Life and the Conservative Life Insurance companies, is about over. The George I. Cochran group of stockholders are in control but the minority appears to have secured nearly everything it asked in completing the merger. To all intents and purposes, the Pacific Mutual has practically re-insured the risks of the Conservative Life, although I am told that if this were suggested to the Conservative Life crowd, they would resent the idea and with some heat.

What's in a Name?

It will be remembered that at first it was proposed to call the combined company the "Pacific-Conservative Life." The Pacific Mutual malcontents led, I am told, by Dr. W. R. Clunness of San Francisco, knocked this plan. Then the "Pacific Mutual and Conservative Life Insurance Company" was proposed and it, too, was weighed in the legal balance and found wanting. Now, working under the old Pacific Mutual charter, the capital stock has been increased to \$700,000 and the Pacific Mutual (enlarged) goes ahead with approximately \$97,000,000 in risks made up of \$67,000,000 from the Pacific Mutual and \$30,000,000 from the Conservative. But Mr. Cochran and his party have the majority of the stock even if the minority has stirred up plenty of trouble about the merger.

Coffin and Blagge.

Speaking of life insurance polities brings up life insurance men and so in a very logical manner I am led to announce that Mr. J. H. Blagge is no longer with the Conservative but has become Pacific Coast Field Manager for this department of the Columbian National of Boston. Mr. F. N. Coffin, another gilt edge life insurance man, becomes Pacific Coast Manager of the same company. I am told that the Columbian, which has been in existence only three or four

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years, has already secured \$50,000,000 worth of insurance and you may depend on it that Coffin and Blagge pronounce it the acme of all life insurance companies.

El Imperio Scheme.

A friend of mine who is interested in the Department Store proposition which is developing at Seventh and Broadway, takes exception—rather mildly but none-the-less certainly—to my remarks about this project, in the Graphic two weeks ago. This is the "El Imperio" store, the name having been changed from "El Emporio" to suit the whim of the San Francisco Emporium. My friend does not like the manner in which I outlined the project—a building company controlled by the insiders, and a store company in which anybody can buy stock. "Some time ago," says my informant, "John Grosse, an investor from Chicago, obtained a lease on the property at Seventh and Broadway which belonged to Colonel J. B. Lankershim. In conjunction with E. T. Earl, he formed the Tehama Company for the purpose of erecting a building upon the site upon the closing of a satisfactory lease. About three months ago E. M. McGillen of Cleveland, Ohio, who was looking for a location for a large department store, entered into negotiations with Mr. Earl, which were finally closed some forty days since. While you intimated that the building company and the department store company are really controlled by the same people, they are two entirely and distinct sets of men; the only similarity being that Charles Grosse, an experienced dry goods man and nephew of the original lessee, is one of the incorporators of the El Imperio Company

at the solicitation of his uncle. The stock was over-subscribed and was not placed on the market and there is none that can be purchased at this time for any price, being controlled by the directors who are experienced dry goods men, one banker and one prominent real estate firm."

McGillen in Business.

There is no doubt that Mr. McGillen has been active in business and my friend vouches for him. But another acquaintance tells me that McGillen did not do so well in the department store business in Cleveland, Ohio, and that he did not amass much wealth in the American Cattle Company. However, that proves nothing. He is not the only department store man who experienced losses and yet climbed the ladder of financial fame at a later date.

Corporations With a Pull.

Some of the San Francisco business corporations must have an almighty pull in the courts and with state officials, judging by the recent experience of Los Angeles business concerns. I have mentioned this case of the El Imperio Company. As I understand it, the local company wanted the name of El Emporio. The San Francisco Emporium objected and Secretary of State Curry sustained the objection. What reason was there for supposing there would be confusion of "The Emporium" of San Francisco, with "El Emporio" of Los Angeles five hundred miles away? But the protest of the Emporium was sufficient and the local name is "El Imperio." I have in mind another case. Some months ago Byron Erkenbrecher and a company of local

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men who have been conducting a building and loan concern at First and Broadway decided to wind up business as a building and loan association and transform the institution, loans and all into a savings bank. To this end they bought the charter of the Seal Rock bank of San Francisco and asked for a change of name—the word "Germania" figured in the new name. Objections came not from the local German-American Savings bank, which would naturally be expected to protest if any one did, but from the German Savings and Loan bank of San Francisco. The application was held up in the courts for weeks, when a few hours would have been sufficient, and was finally turned down, although the German bank of San Francisco knew that the charter was wanted in Los Angeles. I wonder how much Abe Ruef had to do with holding up that application. And ask yourself what harm "Germania" in a Los Angeles bank would have done to the "Deutsches Spar und Leih" bank of San Francisco.

Annoyances.

Annoyances? Oh, yes, and they will continue as long as the people of Southern California are in the minority in California, or as long as the counties of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino and Inyo are content to remain in California. Some fine day some one in Southern California will start a state division campaign that will be irresistible. The imperative necessity for a decent, sensible set of laws pertaining to irrigation, if nothing else, will bring about division. A totally different population; widely different natural products; very radical differences in methods of life, thought and habit: all these will be contributing causes. California north of Tehachapi and San Luis Obispo takes many things as matters of course against which Southern California revolts with all its heart and soul. Perhaps the time is not ripe—but some day.

Poor McAleer!

Local Shriners have had many a quiet laugh at Mayor McAleer's expense this week—all because the Mayor's dignity was so injured by some jokes at the Minstrel entertainment, that he protested against the use of his name. As I remember it, the word-play which Mr. McAleer found so injurious, was between the interlocutor, Perry Weidner, and Leo Youngworth, who manipulated the bones. The dialogue ran something like this:

Youngworth: "Yes, indeed, Perry, I'm not feeling very well. Something has made my throat sore."

Weidner: "I am sorry to hear it, Leo. Perhaps it is in your thorax."

Youngworth: "No, it isn't. Nobody threw an ax at me. My throat's sore from trying to explain why I voted for McAleer for Mayor."

Uproarious guffaws greeted this sally on Thursday and Friday evenings. By Saturday Mr. McAleer, the dignified, could stand it no longer. Either he or Mr. McKeag, his secretary, sent in a wild protest against the "misuse" of his name. Perhaps the laughter at the minstrels penetrated the McAleerian armor of conceit and taught him what sort of a blunderer most people believe him to be. And naturally having blundered so consistently throughout his term of office he made another characteristic blunder by paying any attention to the Weidner-Youngworth gag. I did not attend the Shrine Minstrels Saturday night

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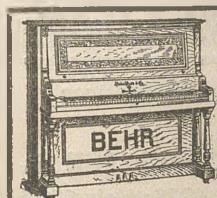
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and it is immaterial whether Weidner and Youngworth "cut it out." Mr. McAleer had perpetrated the best joke of the whole show. Look back, however, and see if you can imagine that astute little diplomat, Mr. M. P. Snyder, perpetrating such a fool move. Snyder would have laughed it off—yes, even made the incident an excuse for a witty "comeback" of his own.

Bright Bits of the Show.

Away above any amateur performance yet given in Los Angeles, is the general verdict about the Shriners' effort. Of course Walter Goldsmith led all the rest, but he is a professional and everybody expected him to be in the lead. But let me tell you Lou Spruance made a mighty hit with his specialty—monologue—song "Ain't it Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make?" Some day if Spruance ever gets tired of fruit he could make a comfortable living telling people all over the United States all about that "Difference" of a few hours. Then General Wankowski shone in his school specialty. The Shriners' quartet is made up of Jack Gregg, John Douglass Walker, W. J. Chick and Frank McComas and the Los Angeles music loving public will tell you that that quartet is as good as can be found. There wasn't a dull thing in the program and several that were inspiring to look upon, as for instance Walter Brode on the stage.

Metropolitan Airs.

Major Harry Wyatt, whose aim for some months has been to give what is called a "metropolitan air" to the Mason, has succeeded in getting some "metropolitan" ushers in his employ. I had a little experience with one of these gentlemen on one of the Shrine Minstrels nights, which I am glad to relate for the benefit of those who may be similarly "flim-flammed." The scheme which the usher attempted to use on me is time-worn in New York, but I have never known it to be used here. It is the trick of substituting seat checks. For instance, when I was shown to my seat, the usher hastily pushed some seat checks into my hand and rushed away. Instinctively I looked at the checks he had given me, and to my chagrin found that he had substituted seat checks for another evening. I insisted stoutly that he produce my checks, and that forthwith. He pretended that he was greatly amazed at what he had put into my hand, but after he had gone rearwards a few feet, he returned with the proper checks. This game, you understand, is a very simple one. Suppose that fifteen minutes of the performance had elapsed and I had not in the meantime spotted the substitution of the checks, compelling the usher to give up what was justly mine. Suppose, for instance, that about this time along comes somebody who sees the

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usher and says, "I will give you a couple of dollars if you'll get me seats." The usher promptly proceeds to produce my checks, walks down to where I am sitting and asks for the seats. What have I to show but a couple of passé checks, for has not the usher my checks in his possession, and am I not compelled to "give up?" Of what use are my protests when the other fellow has the checks and I am undone? A more rascally piece of business is difficult to conceive. This is not only the only complaint that has been registered to me about the "metropolitan management" of the Mason Opera House. Scores of people have told me that there is too much of the Vanderbilt theory of "The public be damned," in the general downstairs management of the affairs of the house. Mr. Wyatt, of course, is making money, but if Mr. Wyatt expects to keep on making money, he will have to check the fervor of his employés in their manner of handling the theater-going public.

A Dreadful Outrage.

According to the Herald of last Tuesday a horrible deed was committed by the city council. They head-lined thus: "Legislators sorrowfully bury Moribund Franchise." I can imagine nothing more horrible than to bury any live thing that is not yet dead. Does the genial head-liner of the Herald know what "Moribund" means? Apparently not. This reminds me of a story illustrated by Du Maurier, in one of the old Punches. In the foreground is a fever-stricken wreck sitting up in bed with a terrified expression on his face. In the background are two doctors engaged in argument. "I say it is," says one. "I say it is not," says the other. "All right," blusters the first, "you just wait till the post mortem and then we shall see."

George Stewart's Black Eye.

Have you seen George Stewart's lovely black eye, that is to say, the eye that was black, but is now fading to iridescent green and pink hues? Of course, he did not acquire this ornament in fistie encounter, for he not only preaches but practices the Scripture, and, one may be sure, however fierce waged the altercation, were he to be smitten on the right cheek, he would turn the left toward his adversary. For some months Mr. Stewart has been in rigid training and is a most enthusiastic disciple of the physical culture instructor of the Jonathan Club whose praises he chants with glee and gusto. The president of the Pacific Creamery Company will explain to you that he was hit in the eye with a punch-



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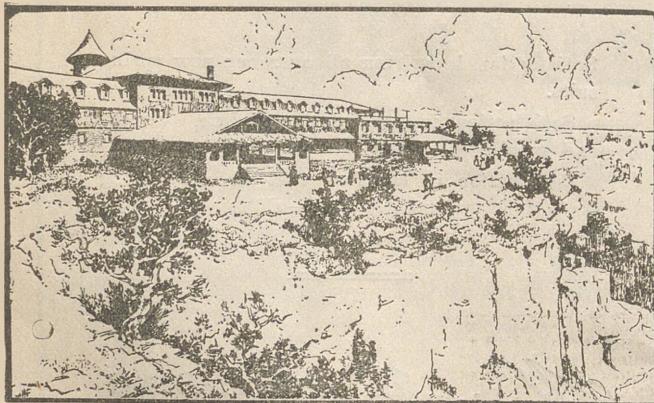
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ing bag, but the truth of the matter is that he has become ambitious in his athletics, and having lately added five pounds to his weight, had the temerity to put on the gloves the other day with the boxing master. In an unguarded moment—on the part of both boxers—Mr. Stewart's eye was beautifully painted. When I saw him this week I quoted Scripture to him liberally, and prescribed a can of Lily cream. So many of my friends have been so peculiarly solicitous during the past two weeks concerning a slight accident of my own that I take much pleasure in commanding the laudable endeavor of other elderly gentlemen to keep young.

Not Otis's Graft.

"A young man who advertises himself as having the backing of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, and the personal indorsement of Felix J. Zeehandelaar, is around town trying to get subscriptions to a book of 'write-ups' on prominent citizens. Said notices, of course, are delivered at so much per. Mr. Zeehandelaar wishes to state on behalf of the organization he represents that this individual is working under entirely false pretenses." This is from the Times of Wednesday last. The poor devil who is engaged in this nefarious scheme is not doing business for the Times Midwinter issue; neither is he getting up "Men of Action of Southern California," published by the Times-Mirror Co. at so much per action. Nor yet is he running a scheme like Verne Clark's "Twentieth Century Californian," in which the Times had both feet and its snout in the trough. No indeed. This is not Otis's graft and somebody is poaching on Otis's preserves. Hence the howl.

Coincidences.

That "twenty-five years ago today" presented each evening in the Express is intensely interesting on account of its coincidences. Thus, Henry Hazard has been credited with securing certain patients twenty-five years ago—he is doing the same thing today. Mayor Toberman was the only man wearing a silk hat every day on the streets twenty-five years ago—the ex-Mayor sports the same old plug beaver at present, and it is looking as slick as it did before the Rubicon was crossed. Postal receipts were on the increase then—been going on ever since, big, big, bigger all the time. C. A. Sumner was selling real estate—C. A. Sumner is plying the same vocation now. Joseph D. Lynch was writ-

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ing boom articles then—he is at it still. Dan Freedman was in town from the Centinela—we saw him as he came up from Inglewood yesterday. Henry T. Gage won a big lawsuit in court twenty-five years ago—he did the same thing last week. The public library got a move on itself twenty-five years ago—we all know what is going on at present. The Southern Pacific trains were all tied up in the Tehachepi mountains just twenty-five years ago—what's the matter with Little Johnny Jones? And a hundred more just such coincidences; but these will suffice for a sample.

Hotel Profits.

The signal development of Los Angeles and the intrinsic value of the tourist business to the city is evident in many ways. This latter is perhaps best illustrated by the number of hotels that are constantly being built and the large amount of business transacted therein. Each year a new cluster of hotels; last year the Lankershim headed the list, now it is the Alexandria and next month the new Hayward is to be opened. When Colonel Lankershim built the big hotel that bears his name many croakers opined that the building was too far away from the center of the city. I happen to know that Col. Lankershim's net income from the first twelve months' business, after the lessees had received their share and all interest and taxes had been paid, was over \$50,000.

Washing the Streets.

In the disagreeable and windy weather of the last week, the condition of the streets has been worse than ever, which is saying a bad deal. I looked to the new Board of Public Works to remedy the condition of our main thoroughfares. The dust and dirt on the streets and sidewalks form the main cause of complaint for visitors, who wonder why on earth Los Angeles, which plumes herself as the City of Health, should tolerate such unhealthy and disgusting conditions. The present system of sprinkling the streets is absolutely ineffective. In a very few hours, under a potent sun, the dust and filth reassert themselves, and the last state of those streets is worse than before. The prevalence of catarrh and all sorts of throat trouble among residents of Los Angeles is attributed by physicians to the perpetual dust which poisons our pure air and on a windy day makes perambulation a most irritating task. The principal streets of the city should be washed thoroughly each day. I am quite aware of the old cry of shortage of water, but the amount of water that has gone to waste in the last two weeks would have been enough to wash Spring street and Broadway for innumerable months.

Pounding the Pound Master.

A great many complaints have reached me lately against the poundmaster, George Vacher, and his methods. If there be any truth in the various stories, and they come from apparently reliable

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SOUTH PARK—Take San Pedro Street Line.

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BAND CONCERTS—Eastlake Park, Westlake Park and Chutes Park every Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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sources, some radical redress should be sought. When the pound-master gets hold of a stray dog, the owner is obliged to pay two dollars to redeem his property; if, on the other hand, the dog is not redeemed, then it is cremated and the pound-master is paid one dollar for the job. Now it is alleged that often the city pays for the cremation of dogs that are still alive, that if Vacher happens on a likely looking dog, instead of killing it, he sells it through various agents who are in touch with the sporting fraternity and the dog fanciers. There has been enough complaint to justify an investigation. The pound-master is appointed directly by the Mayor. Vacher was appointed by Mayor Snyder. Seeing that he still holds his job under McAleer, it looks as though he must be the right man for the place, or he would certainly have been supplanted by one of the present mayor's retainers.

South Coast Yacht Club Doings.

Next Sunday the two new thirty-foot racers being built for Messrs. Pugh and Folsom will be put in the water, not launched. The official launching will take place later on, probably early in May. The hulls of both boats are finished but they are not yet rigged. After the yachts have been rigged and their sails bent on, they will be put on separate ways to have their keels cleaned and repainted. Then, all gay with bunting, they will be christened and slid off the ways in regulation manner. This business of getting a boat into the water is more of a job than the uninitiated think. Mr. Pugh's boat, for instance, now stands a hundred yards or more from the water with a temporary shed over it to keep the rain off. She will have to be jacked up and slid over a wide plank sidewalk, taken around several small buildings and finally propped up on the mud at low tide so that the rising tide will float her. If there is one man in this neighborhood who understands that kind of work, however, it is Mr. Fellows. I have seen him get a fifty-foot schooner on the ways, with not a soul to help him, settle her neatly on the carriage and run her up to the head of the ways without a slip. There will be a small celebration of the double event in the club locker house Saturday night. All the enthusiasts will be there to make merry with stewed clams and beer and, if there is not accommodation enough in the club house for all to bunk, the yacht owners will put the cabins of their boats at the service of those who cannot find room on shore.

Now A Man of Leisure.

Major J. W. A. Off says that he is now a man of leisure. He has quit the banking business and is going to have a good time for a while any way. There are many of the major's friends who do not know that, at one time, he was a very enthusiastic yachtsman. It is true, nevertheless. When the "Rambler" club was formed to buy the schooner Rambler, Major Off was the foremost member. In the last few years, however, he has been too busy to allow himself the time to get out on the water.

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Now, however, the Major has returned to his old love and, having the necessary wherewithal, is having a real live yacht built. I am sure that all the yachtsmen will welcome the Major back to their ranks and, no doubt, will enjoy many a pleasant time aboard his new craft.

A Smiling Impresario.

I walked down Spring street three blocks with Tom McCarey the other day. Tom was smiling. "Say," he said, "it makes a fellow feel good to have all his friends stand by him the way they have with me." "Well," I said, "I am sure that you deserve it, Tom." "Yes," he went on, "when I first started up all the knockers had their little hammers out for me, but now,—why say, even old Bill Naughton gave me a send off." I am glad to see that Tom is feeling happy; he certainly deserves all that is coming to him. He has given good clean contests in this town and has never stood for any crooked business. He has followed this policy until now Los Angeles is recognized as the Mecca of the best boxers who want a square deal and big gate money.

Back from the Desert.

Mr. C. W. Wardwell has returned from a six weeks' stay on the desert on the Arizona side of the Colorado river, looking as brown and healthy as a ripe berry. Mr. Wardwell is interested in a company that has many mining interests in that part of the country and he also "runs" the trading store for the Parker Reservation of Mojave Indians. The company uses Indian labor when it can get these "Lords of the Desert" to work which, at first, was very hard. Eventually great persuasive power was discovered in beads. Most of the company's mines are situated near the river, about sixty miles from the nearest railroad; a spur of the Santa Fé, however, is being built and will soon run through the center of that district. At present all the supplies are taken down the Colorado river on flat-bottomed boats which are towed back again by Indians. Mr. Wardwell is not only a successful mining man but a very entertaining talker and, if you get him in the right mood, can relate many interesting experiences of a mining man's life.

Severe Shock.

Guy Woodward of the Hotel Lillie had a severe shock one day last week. A pretty girl walked into the hotel, dressed like a tourist, and wearing jewelry and a general air that indicated wealth. Woodward shoved the register toward her, and handed her a pen pointing to the page. She looked at him oddly and then signed her name, which we will say was, because it wasn't, Miss Pearline Jones, Los Angeles. "Would you like a room with or without a bath?" said Guy. "Why if it is just the same to you I'll take one with a bath," she replied. "Well," said Guy, "the rooms with a bath are \$3.50 a day, and without they are \$2.50." "Oh," said the girl, "I did not know you intended to charge me for my

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room." "Why shouldn't we?" asked Guy in wonder. "Well, I have never paid for my room before," replied the girl, "and when your housekeeper engaged me as chambermaid she did not say anything about such a thing." She has a room without a bath and she does not pay for it.

Catching.

There is an old colored woman in this fair city who has a great reputation among a certain fashionable coterie as a hair-dresser. She supports herself and children very comfortably in this way, going to the residences of the ladies who require her services and dressing their hair for special functions. A West Adams street resident was questioning her the other day about her husband. "Mah husban' came out hear 'bout a year ago," she answered, "but he done catched the California fever." "California fever? What on earth is that?" queried the other. "Why, don' you know what that all California fever is? He done got it all right.—he run off with another man's wife."

Pathos and a Photograph.

A sweet faced old lady, by her dress evidently a widow, went in to see the Chief of Police the other day. Of all men the Chief would surely be the one to become hardened to the misery and degradation of the "other half"; but when the old lady left his office there was a suspicious moisture about the good officer's eyes. She had a son who was sent to the penitentiary for stealing. While there he died three days before his sentence expired. His mother, in all her grief, found the deepest regret that she had no photograph of her boy. Some friend suggested that she apply to the police. This she did and, never knowing its origin, she was given a copy of her son's picture taken from the rogues' gallery.

For Fiesta and Shriners.

La Fiesta de Las Flores for 1906 promises to be the most successful in the history of the carnival. The fact that the Imperial Council of the Shriners is to meet here at the same time, with consequent social functions without number, has brought society leaders to the front and they are not only taking a hand in arranging entertainments for the Shriners and visitors, but are arranging to make the Fiesta a grand success. This is shown by the entries received by Secretary Zeehandelaar for the Floral Parade, which is to be held May 11. From fifteen to eighteen floats are already entered, and many others are promised. A large number of tally-hos, victorias, barouches, runabouts, and single rigs are entered. Among the coaches entered is the "Old Banning Coach" which will be a beautiful feature of the parade. Another section that will attract much close comment will be that composed of automobiles. Instead of having these vehicles in the middle or end of the parade, they will be at the head, and can then make the pace for the divisions to follow. In order to make fair speed and at the same time not run

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away from the other sections, there will be "driving movements" as the machines pass along the streets, and these movements will permit of showing the decorations on all sides of the machine, and at the same time present a novel feature of the parade. In addition to the Floral Parade, it has been arranged to have the electrical night parade three nights in the week. In this there are to be fifteen floats, ten of which are now about completed, and the others will be done in sufficient time to insure everything moving smoothly. The subject of the Electrical parade is "Celestial Visions" and the floats have been constructed to carry out this idea. There will be mechanical movements to the figures that are entirely new, and add greatly to the beauty of the floats. Contracts have been signed for the daylight fireworks; and this is another innovation that has been arranged for the entertainment of the guests. At a test exhibition last week the executive committee of Shriners were so well satisfied that the contract was ordered drawn up and it was signed Tuesday. For the entertainment of the Imperial Council Officers, their families and guests, Chairman F. A. Hines has engaged four floors, including the mezzanine floor, at the Alexandria Hotel. Every member of the Imperial household has been sent the number of his suite, and "stickers" of a certain color to be pasted on all baggage were forwarded at the same time. In addition to this, entertainment has been arranged for the ladies of the party to be given while the Imperial officers are attending the sessions of the council. These include automobile electric car, and carriage rides, besides other entertainments. At all times members of the committee will be on hand to see there is nothing wanting for comfort and pleasure.

Vino, drinking song by Marquis Ellis, is being used at the Hotchkiss in the "Milk White Flag" this week.

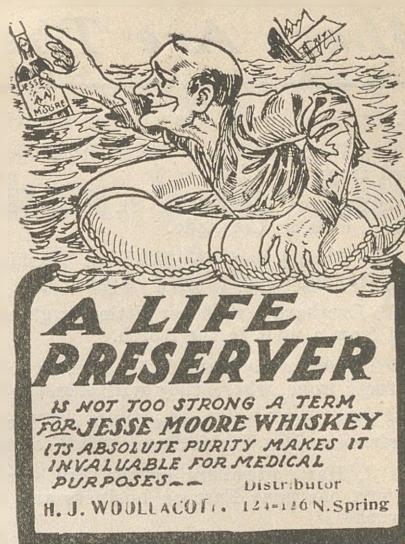
"I fear she won't enjoy herself in heaven." "Why not?" "I don't believe you can send souvenir postal-cards from there."



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Where Are They?

Mr. C. E. Orr is at the St. Francis, San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Wallace of 821 South Hope street have just returned from San Diego.

Miss Ruth Comfort Mitchell of St. Paul avenue has returned from a visit at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul of 1986 West Washington street left for San Francisco this week.

Mrs. M. W. Everhardy, with her little daughter Elizabeth, has returned from a visit in the North.

Mrs. John Milner, accompanied by Mrs. Ivar Weid, will sail May 5 for Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Miss Mary Peck and Mr. Charles Peck of Chicago are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. Helen Ross, 1220 Westlake avenue.

Mr. Frank J. Hart, president of the Southern California Music Company, has gone East on business and will remain about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Gail Johnson, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Ray of Westlake avenue, are planning to make a short trip to Mexico.

Miss Gertrude King, 903 Westlake avenue, has as her guests at Arrowhead Hot Springs Miss Daisy and Mr. Roy Chapin of Lansing, Mich.

Mr. J. C. Q. Hall, assistant cashier of the Security Savings Bank, leaves next Tuesday for a trip abroad. Mr. Hall will be away for about four months.

Miss Constance Crawley, who commences a Shakespearean season at the Dobinson Hall April 23, is the guest of Mrs. F. R. Frost, 1011 West Twenty-third street.

Mr. R. G. Weyse leaves on the 18th for a three months' trip to Europe. He will go by way of the Mediterranean, returning through Germany, where the greater portion of his time abroad will be spent.

Mr. E. S. Sullivan, formerly of Los Angeles, who for the last eighteen months has represented the Standard Oil Co. in Japan, has resigned his position and is on his way home, accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, 2306 South Figueroa, accompanied by their guest, Mrs. Sydney M. Sweet of Buffalo, N. Y., left today for Santa Barbara. From there they will go to Del Monte and San Francisco, returning at Easter.

Los Angeles arrivals at Coronado this week included Messrs. L. J. Hook, E. E. Hall, J. D. Kearns, Miss Roberta Blow, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Stewart, Mesdames H. C. Fisher, H. H. McCord, J. D. Reaves, and Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Branning.

Mr. Wm. G. Nevin leaves for Butte, Mont., tomorrow, and will be followed next week by his best man, Mr. Russell McD. Taylor, Mr. Nevin's wedding taking place at Butte Wednesday, the 18th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Nevin will reside this summer at Terminal Island.

Receptions, etc.

April 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Variel, 1236 Arapahoe street; dinner.

April 2.—Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Garland avenue; dinner for Mr. Arthur W. Schumacher of New York.

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April 3.—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ramsey, 2741 Kenwood avenue; card party.

April 3.—B'nai B'rith Association; dance at Kramer's.

April 4.—Mrs. Don A. Judd, 1437 Iowa street; card party.

April 4.—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Fitzgerald, 2315 West Adams; dance.

April 4.—Mrs. J. Ross Clark, 710 West Adams; luncheon for Mrs. Sydney M. Sweet and Mrs. Marshall Hinman.

April 4.—Miss Margaret Wilcox, Marlborough School; luncheon.

April 4.—Miss Beatrice Duff, 1037 South Alvarado; card party.

April 5.—Miss Emma Bumiller, 1049 Elden avenue; party for Miss Edna Bumiller.

April 6.—Miss Carrie Bogart, Westlake avenue; luncheon.

Anastasia's Date Book.

April 7.—Mrs. L. M. Cole; dinner-dance at Angelus Hotel.

April 7.—Miss Grace Mellus, 157 West Adams street; luncheon for Miss Ruth Foster and Miss Adelaide Brown.

April 16.—Mrs. Milo M. Potter; dinner-dance at Van Nuys Hotel.

April 17.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy; dance at Kramer's.

April 19.—Miss Ray Johnson, Westlake avenue; luncheon for Miss Edith Campbell.

Approaching Weddings.

April 18.—Miss Hattie Saunders, of Butte, Mont., to Mr. Wm. G. Nevin.

April 18.—Miss Helen Rowland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rowland, 805 Bonnie Brae, to Dr. Clarence Moore.

April 25.—Miss Edna Bumiller, daughter of Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey, 1049 Elden avenue, to Mr. Murray Sullivan of Salt Lake.

May 9.—Miss Gladys Lillian Newberry, Hartford, Conn., to Mr. Charles Edwin Bent of Los Angeles.

June 14.—Miss Florene M. Clute, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clute, to Mr. Howard Robertson.



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LOS ANGELES

Deborah's Diary

The peace of Lent, which is all too rapidly drawing to a close, has been rudely disturbed this week by a divorce case which on account of the prominence of both parties—happily there are only two—has been discussed from Westlake Park to Adams Heights, over the tea cups and under the dinner table. What a pitiful shame it is that these cases of domestic discord must be aired and exaggerated in the public press. Unless some lesson is to be learned from the story of marital infidelity, what earthly excuse can there be for the exploitation of such cases? Personally, and in defiance of all of the decrees of the churches, I am a thorough believer in the efficacy and righteousness of divorce. Can you imagine a more horrible fate than to be chained for life to a man with whom you have no sort of sympathy? Can you conceive a greater sin than for a man and a woman to continue to live together when instead of loving each other, they loathe each other? Uncle Josephus tells me that it is absolutely necessary to have fast and rigid laws to protect the holy state of matrimony, without which, he says, society would soon become chaotic, if not anarchical. Of course, Uncle Josephus is right,—he always is—but if I made the fatal mistake of marrying a man only to discover that he was not the man I thought he was, I would certainly refuse to continue in such shameful bondage, and I would burst the bonds asunder somehow, even if I had to defy the ecclesiastical authority of all ages.

This particular case has pained me sorely, because on many sides I have heard the most cruel remarks based simply on the wanton wagging of evil tongues. It has revealed to me with new force the truth of what I wrote two weeks ago, how damnable—that may be an unladylike word, but I mean it, yes, how damnable—uncharitable women can be to each other. Cats! Did I say cats? I beg the pardon of all the feline race. I have heard their most monstrous ululations in the middle of the night, but never have I heard such horrible noises as have proceeded this week from the sweet mouths of fair women about a lady of whose character and record

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Easter Millinery Hints

The one subject now uppermost in the minds of most women is "Easter Millinery." The pleasure—the fascination of selecting a hat confronts you. To procrastinate, only means to make your selection when assortments are smaller. The display of Easter hats is at its very best today.

At the Marvel you will find a most elaborate display of all that is new, stylish and popular.

The most beautiful creations from the famous milliners of Paris, Berlin, London and New York, together with many novel conceptions from our own artists, constitute a showing of rare beauty and excellence. We strongly recommend an early visit to our showrooms. Waiting till the last moment can mean no advantage and it may mean a possible disappointment.

Popular Priced Dress Hats For Easter

No matter what the limit of your outlay may be the Marvel is replete with models of originality and beauty at any price you may wish to pay. We call your special attention, however, to the exceptional values we offer in popular priced dress hats at

\$ 7.50,
\$ 10.00
and
\$ 15.00



Knowing that our facilities enable us to offer you the best values obtainable in the city, we urgently invite your inspection. Hats at lower prices or up to \$50.

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Marvel Millinery

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they know absolutely nothing, but of whom they are only too ready, too glad, to believe evil, simply because she is accomplished, charming and rich. Judging from several sermons that I have heard the last few weeks—I have been striving so strenuously to re-acquire the church habit this Lent,—the parsons are mighty hard up for something to preach about. Why, I ask again, do they not tackle this subject of man's inhumanity to man, or rather woman's savagery to woman? Where is our boasted civilization, our cultured society, our worship of the good, the true, the beautiful, when so many of us seize with eagerness every opportunity to gloat over the misfortunes of a sister and to swell the current of falsehood about her?

And so we are only to have one night of Grand Opera, but then it is to be given in a sure-enough opera house, and we shall be able to put on our prettiest things without fear of dirt and the kitchen chairs of Hazard's pavilion as aforetime. But it does seem a shame that we are only to be allowed so meager an enjoyment of what is, to me at least, the greatest treat of the year. The main trouble in previous years has been that opera lovers here were prone to suffer from music indigestion after attending three operas in thirty-six hours. For myself, I have been coaxing my good uncle to take me to San Francisco the week after next. Just think of it; there they are to have two whole weeks of glorious singing and superb orchestra. A number of my musical friends are already planning parties for the North. The opera season begins in San Francisco April 16 and concludes April 28. Caruso is to sing no less than seven times, with Fremstad, Abbott, Eames, and Sembrich respectively. The conspicuous features of the season—conspicuous because they are less familiar to most of us, and have the value of novelty—will be Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," with which the season will open and Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel." The latter opera, I hear is to be given here, and as it will be new to most Angelenos, and is also a very charming story, it may be of value to give its synopsis.

The first act discloses a wretched homestead. The two children, Hansel and Gretel, are at work—the boy making brooms and the girl knitting stockings.

Forsythe Waists

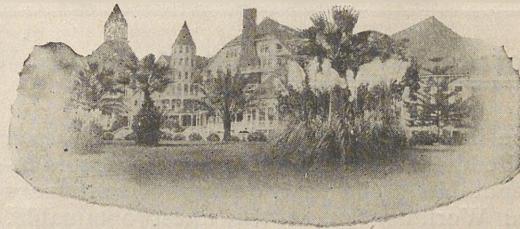
We invite your inspection of the smart, new Forsythe Shirt Waists, Spring 1906 models. These waists are strictly tailor made, in madras, linens and similar fabrics. They are absolutely correct in every detail, and as our supply is limited, we would suggest that you make selections now. Prices begin at \$4.00.

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Hansel says he won't work any more and proposes they dance instead. Gretel is delighted. They whirl around the room until they fall exhausted on the floor. At this moment the mother enters and she is so angry at seeing them doing no work that she boxes their ears, seizes a basket, and tells the children to go to the woods and pick strawberries. They must not come home until the basket is full. They run off, while she sits sobbing herself to sleep. The father enters in a joyful mood. He asks for the children. She says she sent them away in disgrace to the Ilsestein. Together they go out to find Hansel and Gretel. The second act shows a forest. Gretel is making a garland of wild roses, while Hänsel looks for strawberries. In the background is the Ilsestein. It is getting dark and they want to leave but can not find the way. A thick mist arises, which hides the background. Gretel, terror-stricken, falls on her knees and hides behind Hänsel. At this moment a little man appears and quiets them. It is the Sandman, and he sings them to slumber. A dazzling light then appears, the mist rolls itself into a staircase, and angels pass down and group themselves about the sleeping children. In the third act the scene is the same, the mist still hiding the background. The Dawn Fairy shakes dewdrops on the children. They wake. The mist now clears away, and in the background is seen the witch's house with a fence of gingerbread figures. There are also seen an oven and a cage. They tiptoe to the fence and break off a bit of the cake cautiously. The gingerbread suits them famously, and apparently suits the witch, too, as she watches them from her window. She comes out of the house as they are laughing joyously, throws about Hänsel's neck a rope and caresses them. Hänsel tries to run away and take Gretel with him. But the witch casts a spell on them and they stand stock still. Then she leads Hansel to the cage and shuts him in. She opens the oven and puts more fagots under it. The witch calls Gretel, opens the oven door, and tells her to peep in. Gretel pretends she does not understand, and secretly liberates Hansel so that when the witch bends over the oven they push her in. The oven cracks open and falls into bits, while Hänsel and Gretel disenchant the gingerbread children, who suddenly surround them.

I had just finished a scathing paragraph in my diary on the subject of foolish girls who idolize and idealize actors, and was perusing it in a self-satisfied righteous frame of mind when Uncle Josephus entered. His gentle old face grew grave as he read, and there was a note of sorrow in his voice as he chided me for my cynical opinion. "The worshiping of matinée idols is not a very serious affair, little girl," he said,—as though I were a bit of a child again. "It is mostly confined to school girls and young buds who have begun to dream of rom-

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ance, and who find their dreams realized in the plays they see. It is not the actor they admire—although in their foolish girl minds they so imagine—it is that abstract, vague something we call the ideal—the something that lies deep in the heart of every one. It is the character the playwright creates which a girl admires, and not the man who portrays the character. The man who creates has always an ideal, and a dreaming girl who has read many books and witnessed many plays is not satisfied with the real, but gropes and yearns for the ideal. She has not learned to separate the two, and when she finds some one—be that person man or woman—who appears to be her ideal, she accepts him as such without question. And I would not have it otherwise; she must give up her dreaming, and forget her ideals. And after this her books and the plays are not so interesting nor so helpful, and the bright face of Life grows quickly old and weary. We are young only once, and it is best to worship the ideal and to dream while we may."

DEB.

Another eligible young bachelor is now a Benedict! Marc Germain—to the surprise of both friends and family—has returned from Arizona with a lovely bride. Just three years ago when Mr. Germain was a student at Yale, he met pretty Miss Frances Barron, daughter of Mr. James P. Barron, a wealthy manufacturer of Hartford, Conn. Miss Frances returned to her home in Hartford, Mr. Germain to his in the far West, but through the years when the young man was steadily forging his way to the front in Los Angeles business circles, he dreamed of the most fascinating and charming girl it had been his fortune to meet. When he heard that Miss Barron was visiting a mutual friend, Mrs. Chilson of Winslow, Arizona, he decided he needed a vacation. Mrs. Chilson was interested—Mr. Germain received an invitation to visit at Winslow—and the pretty romance was renewed. The little party visited the stately Grand Canyon, and there Miss Barron was wooed in masterful manner. She had intended returning to her parents' Eastern home at the conclusion of the Grand Canyon trip, but Mr. Germain quietly frustrated her purpose. The ceremony took place at Mrs. Chilson's home on the twenty-eighth of March, and Mr. Germain triumphantly returned to Los Angeles with his pretty wife. Uncle Josephus tells me she is a most charming woman, and an ideal bride for the persevering and energetic bridegroom, who is becoming a prominent force in the business world.

Mrs. Emily J. Valentine, president of the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music, entertained at the Conservatory on Tuesday evening in honor of her cousin, Mr. Samuel Faulkner and his wife. Only immediate relatives of the Valentine and Faulkner families were invited and the party included about fifty well known musicians, youths and children. Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, whose home is in Chicago, are making what they call their golden wedding tour. They are the parents of Mrs. William R. Chapman, who is associated with her husband in the directorship of the Maine Musical Festival. The Faulkners while here are the guests of Frederick Fischer of 945 S. Bonnie Brae street. Messrs. Faulkner and Fischer were associated in business over half a century ago.



Mothers' Stories About Their Babies

No. 18.

Sunbrights California Food
Co.,

Gentlemen:

My little baby at birth weighed eight pounds, and it seemed she was born into a world of trouble, for she was ill from birth, and no one thought she could possibly live. At two months she had gained but little in weight. She was vomiting constantly and her bowels were in very bad condition. She was restless, sleeping but little. A month ago our physician, Dr. Brice Martin, prescribed Sunbrights California Baby Food and forbade me to continue nursing her. An immediate improvement was noticeable. The vomiting stopped entirely; her bowels became normal, she slept well, gained two pounds in one month and became in every way the picture of healthy babyhood.

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Third and Hill Streets

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

That April showers bring May flowers is true at all events as regards the Easter millinery this season. Such a wealth and prodigality of flowers of all kinds and colors as one may see on some of the smartest Paris hats in the Ville de Paris is as gorgeous as a garden. The millinery in that most artistic department under the supervision of Miss Erdman, beats any former display. Some of their new sailor hats, my dear Harriet, are alone worth visiting. Formerly the term "sailor hat" conjured the picture in one's mind of a plain, hard, black or white straw affair, well tilted over the nasal organ, and trimmed severely with a ribbon band. That was, you see, the sailor hat of yesteryear—not, on your life, the same things as "the sailor" of 1906. This jaunty headpiece is supported at the back or on the side by a perfect bank of flowers, roses, orchids, violets, forget-me-nots, and lilies, altogether or taken singly, while a monster bow or bird or bunch of garden product, generally careens gracefully skyward on the left side. "The "sailor" idea comes in mainly in the fact that the taking little affair has a flat front brim and holds very close converse with the fair wearer's nose. But they are tremendously chic and becoming and I know no establishment in town better able to prove the fact than the famous Ville de Paris. I saw one or two larger theater and dress hats there that fairly made me pine to see them

on a Marcel head. A "Peter Pan" hat is a new model of the season, a sassy little thing shaped like a canoe, worn broadside on, and decorated with a quill feather by way of a paddle. The Ville de Paris millinery output will, I'm afraid, be responsible for a considerable amount of straying thoughts and rubbering during the prayers on the gladsome Easter morning

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," and jolly Mr. Mackay of the Boston store (and elsewhere) is ready to prove the truth of this elderly adage. At the silk counter of that select store may be found this week pretty nearly all one's friends and relatives submerged in reams and masses of lovely taffeta silk, and each and every one of the shoppers are wearing a beautiful smile, for are not these beautiful pieces being handed out by the score for only 60 cents a yard and in all the latest shades and delicate colorings? It seems that the silk industries in France and abroad have somehow become pinched for the season. Have too much in stock and have to clear it off to the retail dealers, at an enormous sacrifice; hence the wind blows these silks (800 or more bolts of them) into the Boston store for the delectation of the lucky Angelenos who have not already made their spring purchases. For those who have done so, I should advise keeping steadily away from The Boston Store this week as the sight of these lovely silks at 60 cents a yard is very likely to induce a strong desire to kick one's self for having "made haste too quickly."

Anyone who is contemplating a spring suit or coat in the best of silk taffeta had "better hurry;" a chance like this doesn't have to lie around and wait for long, you know. Well, anyhow, Harriet, as I was (or wasn't) saying, if you want to realize the truth of the statement I some time ago made to you, that Los Angeles is one of the dressiest cities in the world, just pay a visit to the exhibition of model gowns at the Maison Terrill on Hill street, near Third. Monday last was opening day, when the fruits of these clever sisters' tailors in Paris and New York, were revealed to an admiring public. Such beautiful creations in lace and chiffon, in soft clinging voile and shimmering summer silks, one wonders if they can possibly expect to dispose of so much gorgeousness in a short season. They lead in lace gowns undoubtedly, do these clever dressmakers. Some of the most beautiful bits of lace in town are to be found in this artistic establishment; of course you know they—Terrills—are just

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We are prepared to take orders for designing and stamping patterns for embroidered shirt waists, embroidered collar and cuff sets, embroidered robes, and embroidered garden hats—the latest novelty. Our own competent designer personally superintends all such orders, and we guarantee not only satisfaction but promptness of delivery and modest prices. Details at the Art Needlework department.

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Easter Remembrances

Many clever novelties here for Easter giving—hand-illuminated Motto Cards, Souvenir Post Cards, Chicks, Rabbits, Ducklings, hand decorated Easter Sachets and many others. A visit to our Shop will repay you. You'll find it full of Easter suggestions.

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Next door north
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about the best "costumieres" that have ever come to this coast, and all the smart set (and some of the others) have to have at least one Terrill made gown before they die. Everything is Princess this season, that is, when it isn't Empire. Princess robes with softly Shirred waist lines and inserted girdles are very, very good. A Valenciennes and Irish lace gown of this kind, with finely tucked skirt at the hips, was surrounded all afternoon by an admiring crowd. A heavy Battenberg and Irish point lace evening wrap I saw there, was a stunning affair. A golden brown chiffon gown made of over white and daintily trimmed with Oriental embroideries was a simple "poem." In every little bit and pattern purchased by the Misses Terrill the artistic refinement of their taste and individuality is most clearly portrayed.

I haven't yet told you about Coulter's this week have I? They are always doing something out of the ordinary you know and this week they are busy showing some of the very newest ideas in waistbelts and jeweled buckles. You never saw such beauty bits of pastel and oriental colored clasps, and bands, and this exquisite wide silver gilt or gold ribbon with which the clever saleslady, forms the curving waist belt—while you wait—match to perfection the various jewels or inlays in these dainty dressy ornaments. The back buckle seems to be of somewhat shorter dimensions this season—does not aspire to arrive up to the yoke of the corseage as before—but it is always very much in evidence, and wonderfully stylish. The tailor made buckle is a perfect joy for the severe well groomed female this season. Made of heavy gold plate these buckles, for linen or plain shirt waist suits, come in the old familiar form of the real buckle, the shape and kind of buckle that goes to hitch up the family gee gee's girths. Very severe and very good form. The jeweled and mother of pearl affairs are for gowns and costumes of lighter mood. Another good thing Coulter's store is handling is white embroidered duck and linen wash belts: with these clean things one wears one of these plain gold buckles, when with a white frock one looks properly turned out for morning wear.

Talking of tailor made things and good form, my dear Harriet, let me recommend a visit to our friend Mr. George P. Taylor's on Broadway. He has turned aside a new cut this season from the straight and narrow path of manly garments, and is catering just a bit to the vanities of the gentler sex. Taylor is turning out at this present time some most stunning outing shirt waists for ladies. He has a splendid selection of Japanese crepes in all delicate plain shades and in white. These shirts are made in the Tommy Atkins fashion, plain and smooth with a manly little pocket on the bust and soft rolled over collar and cuffs of the white crepe. They are immense; I saw a smart one in pale green crepe, finished with white collars and cuffs and wide white belt, and really they are quite the correct thing for summer outing, sea shore, and country wear. I was surprised to find the price so moderate: fancy getting a "made to order" shirt, from our swellest tailor, for only four dollars, and a shirt that will keep clean for more than one day, too! These "Tommies" are the very thing you want for your outing trip this season, my child.

The bon bouche of my letter this week I have reserved for Blackstones. For the loveliest things in

lace evening wraps, coats, Etons, and Boleros see this enterprising firm's Spring selection. Lace is the leading theme in this season's millinery fugue, you know, and it seems as if there never could be a more artistic and handsome selection of laces in every kind of garment than are to be found at Blackstones this week. I saw a long "down to the heels" evening wrap of heavy Battenberg with elbow sleeves and fluffy chiffon frills that didn't do a thing but make me envious. Short, square little Pony jackets, unlined, of Battenburg Irish lace are very stylish this Spring. I was shown an endless consignment of smart things in lace of every description. Hand embroidered linen jackets (Pony or Eton) had lovely little lace flounced edgings and insertions. Little bits of Zouave jackets in fine lace, most effective over any kind of a waist; but their evening and dressy lace wraps, three-quarter or full length, are quite the most stunning things of the kind in town. What a doing there will be when these Lenten days are over, though I can't say that even now our smart set are to be seen in sackcloth and ashes.

Well, till next time, my dear,

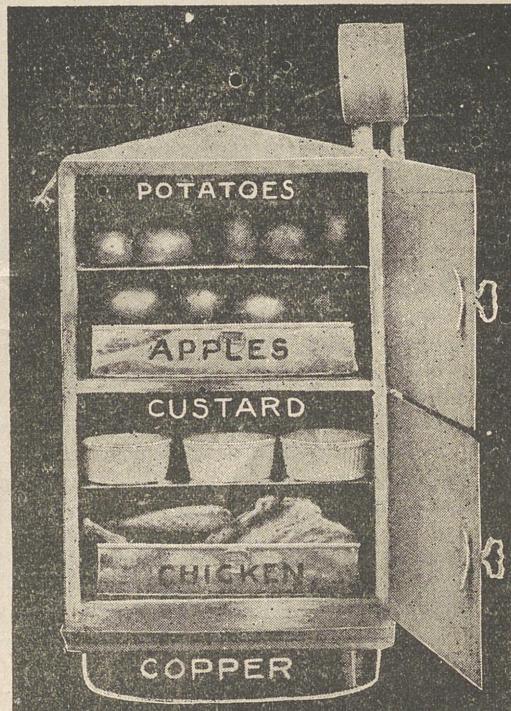
Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

S. Figueroa St., April Fourth.

The Ohio Steam Cooker

Use on Gas, Gasoline, Oil, or any Stove



Start the Cooker, go about your housework, or go visiting. Your food can't burn. No. 4 Copper tank, four compartments \$6.00. Hotel Size, \$9.50.

To introduce the goods we will allow \$1.00 off price of either size, on presentation of a copy of this advertisement for the first ONE HUNDRED COOKERS sold.

We guarantee satisfaction. Any purchaser who will follow instructions in use of Cooker for one week, and fails to get perfect results, may return Cooker and have money refunded. We also offer fifty Cookers on payment of \$2.00 and eight weekly payments of 50c each.

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On the Stage and Off

Shakespeare's birthday, an event that happened three hundred and forty-two years ago, will be remembered on the twenty-third day of the present month of April, and wherever the English language is spoken there will no doubt be kindly souls and faithful students who will feel grateful for his inspiring and imperishable works. The Shakespeare cult shows no sign of diminishing in importance as the years roll by. On the contrary the plays maintain their pre-eminence upon the stage, badly as they are, for the most part, acted. Even the "stars" with a few notable exceptions, coruscate with but a sickly light and their "support" is of the feeblest kind. The old fashioned training for the stage was rough and unscientific, but it often developed good material and it was at any rate better than the self-satisfied and conceited ignorance of today, which assumes a knowledge though it has it not. Shakespearean plays require not one or two, but a company of competent actors. But the popularity of the Bard is fostered by other means than those of stage production. New editions of his works are constantly coming out. The arts of painting, drawing, illustration and sculpture all find encouragement in exploiting the scenes and celebrated characters of the plays.

It has been the custom to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday for many years past, but not until comparatively recently have the plays been given on such occasions. Of late years Mr. Benson and his wife have given annual "festivals" at Stratford-upon-Avon, which have elicited much praise for the acting and mounting of the plays presented. In former years the festivals at the poet's birthplace were certainly unique of their kind, having little or nothing of Shakespeare's work in remembrance, but a great deal of eating and drinking. The following is copied from a poster printed in 1769 and giving the quaint particulars of the celebration that was attempted in that year at Stratford in Shakespeare's honor. The placard reads:

First Day. Wednesday, the 6th of September.

"Shakespeare's Jubilee. The Steward of the Jubilee begs leave to inform the Company that at Nine o'clock will be a Public Breakfast at the Town Hall. Thence to proceed to the Church to hear the Oratorio of Judith which will begin exactly at eleven. From Church will be a full chorus of Vocal and Instrumental Music to the Amphitheatre where at Three o'clock will be an Ordinary for Gentlemen and Ladies. About Five o'clock a Collection of New Songs, Ballads, Roundelayes, Catches, Glees, etc., will be performed in the Amphitheatre after which the Company is desired to prepare for the Ball which will begin exactly at Nine with New Minuets (composed for the Occasion) and played by the whole Band. The Second Day's Entertainments will be published Tomorrow.—N. B. As the Public Break-

fasts and Ordinaries are intended for those Ladies and Gentlemen who have taken the Guinea Tickets no Person can be admitted without first showing such Ticket. Should there be room for more than the Proprietors of those Tickets Ladies and Gentlemen will be admitted to the Oratorio and Fireworks at Five Shillings each and to the Dedication, Ode and Ball at Half a Guinea each. The Steward hopes that the Admirers of Shakespeare will, upon this Occasion wear the Favors which are called the Shakespeare Favors. As many Ladies have complained of the Fatigue they shall undergo, if the Ball and Masquerade are on two successive nights, there will be only the Fireworks on Thursday night and the Masquerade on Friday night the 8th. Inst. which will conclude the Entertainments of the Jubilee.—Stratford. Printed by Fielk Weale, next door to the Coffee House."

The most remarkable characteristic of this document is the modesty of the people organizing the affair. Not a name appears excepting that of the printer. Modern methods require the names of all participants in bold type and a program is not considered complete if it does not contain the name of attaché and employés of the management. Another announcement of later date gives the information that on the twenty-third of April, 1827, a three-day festival or "Gala," was begun at Stratford-on-Avon "in honor of the natal day of the immortal Shakespeare" at which the entertainments consisted of a "Pageant of Shakespeare's characters preceded by St. George on Horseback in full armour and his Esquire," followed by a dinner at three o'clock. On the second day there was an eleven o'clock breakfast at the White Lion Hotel, succeeded by recitations and music and in the evening a fireworks display, Mr. Ryan's equestrian amusements and a masquerade. On the closing day a concert was given at eleven o'clock and in the evening a Ball at Shakespeare's Hall.

Shakespeare's birthday will receive local celebration in the presentation by Constance Crawley of several of the most famous of the great characters in specially arranged scenes designed to give an esthetic and intelligent rendering of the most interesting episodes in the plays, such as Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet and Macbeth. The performances will continue for the week beginning on the famous birthday.

There is said to be a scarcity of good new plays, and in consequence dramatic authors, carpenters and joiners, translators and adapters are apparently at their wits' end for material that may be dressed up to look as good as new. Now there is to be a fresh attempt at story dramatization. Mr. James McArthur, whose claim to theatrical fame appears to rest upon the fact that he adapted "The Bonnie Briar Bush" for Miss Adams, has been working, so it is reported, for the last two years on the task of making a play out of that antique friend of childhood's years, the immortal allegory of John Bunyan which is known as "The Pilgrim's Progress. If Old John could but know that he had been instrumental in the production of a "stage play," how it would grieve his pious soul and to know further that scene painters, carpenters, property men, electricians and costumers are preparing what is intended to be one of the biggest surprises ever given in the theatrical world. Seventy speaking parts and three hundred

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The finest white maple skating floor in the west. Ball-bearing
steel roller skates. Instructors for beginners

9:30 to 11:30; 2:30 to 5:30; 7:30 to 10:30.

ADMISSION--Morning 10c. Afternoon 20c. Evening 25c
Except Thursday Evening, which is Special Club and Party Night
Admission 50c Skates 50c

people on the stage are promised for the New York production and to crown all, Henrietta Crossman is to take the part of Christian. Shades of our puritanical ancestors, what next!

At the Belasco Theater "When Knighthood was in Flower" is staged for the current week. This play, given by the same company was so recently reviewed that repetition is unnecessary. The present performance is on the whole, superior to that lately given, although Miss Lawton, who is the central figure of the play, could hardly be expected to do better than she is doing in the sprightly, wilful and attractive character of Mary Tudor. Mr. Bernard has, however, made a vast improvement by toning down the ferocious exuberance of villainy that formerly made his "dauphin" not only repulsive, but unnatural. A mistake is made by the author or the adapter in sending Charles Brandon to Newgate to be beheaded. Later in the play he is sent to the Tower, which was the proper place for a gentleman to have his head severed from his body. At Newgate, criminals were sentenced to be hanged, but never beheaded, the latter form of punishment being reserved for persons of high degree who were confined in the Tower.

"Old Jed Prouty," with genial John Burton in the title rôle is again drawing crowds at Morosco's Burbank this week. The character parts with which the piece abounds are all well done especially that of Mestayer who seems resolved not to be labelled and classified as an actor, but who evidently aspires to be good in every line in which an artist may make his effort. Little Fay Bainter is a clever child actress, but she should not be allowed to sing as yet, or her voice will be permanently injured.

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers

Morosco's.—F. Marion Crawford's attractive novel "In the Palace of the King," which was dramatized with such success for Viola Allen, will be the big production by the Burbank stock company next week. Blanche Hall will again appear as Donna Dolores. Manager Morosco is preparing a lavish production.

Belasco's.—J. M. Barrie's favorite play, "The Little Minister" is to be the bill next week, Margaret Langham appearing as Lady Babbie, a rôle in which she achieved a great success in San Francisco a few weeks ago. Mr. Barnum has been battling with several kinds of Scotch and a sore throat throughout the week.

Orpheum.—Bert Coote, admittedly one of the foremost of comedians in vaudeville or out, will be the headliner next week, in his sketch "A Lamb on Wall Street." The Colby family of musicians return after a two years' absence with new material. Tony Wilson and Heloise, "the bounding acrobats," will present their sensational work on the horizontal bar. Josephine Amoros will do equally clever things on a trapeze, assisted by her sister, Mlle Charlotte. Abd' El Kader will remain another week to make new pictures and Sandor's burlesque circus, Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag in a "Little of Everything," the World's Comedy Four and new motion pictures complete the bill.

Grand.—"Scotty" will be seen in Charles A. Taylor's melodrama, "King of the Desert Mine," written especially for him. Verbum sap.

MASON OPERA HOUSE H. C. WYATT
Lessee and Manager

Extra Special Engagement Next Week of

"Little Johnny Jones"

Play and Music by GEO. M. COHAN

A play with a plot and music galore,
You'll like it so well you'll come back for more

Laugh! Why its a Jolly Old Scream.

Seats now on sale—Get Them

Prices: 25c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

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MR. L. E. BEHYMER, Manager

One Night Only—Thursday, April 12

The closing musical event of the season

JEAN GERARDY

The Great Belgian Cellist

A Favorite among the Musicians of Two Continents

Assisted by
ANDRE BENOIST, PIANIST

Seat Sale Opens at Birkel's Music Store, 345-347 South Spring Street,

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Fourth and Spring
Streets

Management, T. Jeff White

Direction, E. F. Seamans

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"Fra Diavolo"

Both Phones 525 Regular Matinee Saturdays & Sundays

Prices—Evenings 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c

Matinees, 35c, 25c, 15c.

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THE FAMILY THEATER

Commencing Sunday Matinee, April 8

SCOTTY

—IN—

"KING OF THE DESERT MINE"

Direction CHAS. A. TAYLOR

Management ROL. KING

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday, 10c and 25c

Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c

Orpheum Theater

MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Commencing Monday, April 9

MERT COOTE & CO., Presenting "A Lamb on Wall Street"
THE COLBY FAMILY, in Their Novel Musical Entertainments
TONY WILSON & HELOISE, The Bounding Acrobats
AMOROS SISTERS, Sensational Trapeze and Novelty Artists
SANDOR'S BURLESQUE CIRCUS
ALF GRANT, Assisted by ETHEL HOAG, in "A Little of Everything"
WORLD'S COMEDY FOUR, Premier Exponents of Fun and Harmony
ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, Showing Latest Novelties

Last Week of the Great Artist, ABD' EL KADER, Assisted by
His Three Wives

Matinees Daily

Except Mondays, 10c and 25c

Evenings, 10c 25c and 50c

Belasco Theater

Belasco, Mayer & Co., Proprietors
Main street bet. Third and Fourth
Phones: Main 3380; Home 267

Last times today and tomorrow of
the great production

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

Next Week, Commencing Monday Evening,
the beautiful Barrie play

"The Little Minister"

With Margaret Langham as Lady Babbie

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Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

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In the Musical World

In the past week the notable musical events have been the Kubelik and the symphony concerts. Kubelik grows on one with further hearings. At first one is dazzled by the technical display and astounded by the ease with which this boyish violinist annihilates the difficulties with which his larger numbers bristle. Take the Ernst concerto, for instance, and the Paganini "Campanelli"—what mastership he displayed in these! And the lighter and more graceful numbers, such as the Sarasate "Spanish Dance" and the Hubay "Zephyrs,"—could anything more characteristic than the former or more dainty than the latter be conceived, as they come from the much advertised Kubelikian fingers?

While there is not the feeling of being in the presence of a great scholar, such as might be the case if one were listening to Joachim or Caesar Thompson, or even Ysaye, there is much to be said of the breadth of tone with which Kubelik played the Tschaikowsky "Melancholy Serenade" and the Handel Sonata. Tschaikowsky was so much of a hypochondriac that those gloomy things ran from his pen like water. Kubelik proved he could appreciate gloom as well as gaiety, in his playing of this mournful wail. There were fiddlers who went to hear him, ready to ejaculate, "Bah, mere technique," but, as one confessed, "He grew on me at every number and at each concert I had more respect for the musical quality of his work."

Many persons at the concert of Saturday afternoon thought Professor Willhartitz had decided to again a-wooing go, as he was the youthful gallant attached to a handsome young woman in elaborate raiment, a dazzling blonde with hair of rarest tint and the air of a countess. Few knew it was a "reely truly" countess, the one that had forsaken her station to become plain Mrs. Kubelik.

And there were those who had trouble with the name of the violinist. Even the pronunciation of Kub-ellick was heard. Let them be thankful that they were not hearing a pianist located in New York, a most poetic individual who has a fortune in his name—and he has hair, too. His name is Gyongyoshalaszy (carefully, now, Mr. Printer.) A synonym would be "A to Z, inclusive."

One more word about Kubelik and I promise then to let him alone for a decade. I peeped into the banquet room of the Gamut club Friday evening and there beheld a sight for sure—musicians: forty teachers of music joining in hilarious good fellowship with a "what-a-jolly-good-tempered-lot-we-are" sort of air for the delectation of the fiddler. And Kubelik was properly astonished and pleased. He did not "limber up" as much as did Pugno, for he is a reserved and shy little man, even after the storms of adulation he receives in public. But he seemed

gravely pleasant and evidently was determined not to be bored if he could help it. And who, I should like to know, could escape having a good time with Mine Herr Willhartitz on one side, H. Hamilton, Esq., on the other, and the two "Messiahs" in front. Friday of next week the club expects to sit down with Jean Gerardy as guest. I am inclined to think that this club is doing as much for the reputation of Los Angeles among the great artists as anything, save the Behymerian dollars.

No small task did the symphony orchestra essay when it attacked the Brahms second symphony. This great work has been given this season by all the large Eastern orchestras under the different directors, American and foreign, who have waved the symphonic baton. It is coming to take the foremost place among Brahms' works, though it will never be popular with the semi-musical attendants upon such affairs.

While it cannot be said the local orchestra is fully equal to such a work, it is well to hear these more in-



Jean Gerardy

The number of great violoncellists is small, and among these there are not more than three of four who enjoy international reputation as virtuosi. One of these pre-eminent among the elect is Jean Gerardy, the most youthful of them all, yet a fully matured artist. Jean Gerardy is no stranger to Los Angeles and its music lovers, having visited Southern California four seasons ago and creating a most favorable impression. It is his purpose to introduce several novelties when he visits Los Angeles next week. He comes for one recital only at Simpson Auditorium on Thursday night, April 12. The reserved seat sale is now open at the Birkel Music Store. Mr. Gerardy will be assisted by the clever young pianist and accompanist, Andre Benoist. The program numbers are as follows:

1st Concerto	Saint-Saens
Suite for violoncello	Boccherini
Adagio, Allegro.	
Polonaise in E Major	Liszt
	Andre Benoist.
Variations Symphonique	Beelmann
(a) Aria	Bach
(b) Abendlied	Schumann
(c) Bereeuse	Schubert
(d) Papillion	Popper

volved things once in a while for purposes of comparison and instruction. To come to a full enjoyment of such dense musical constructions one would have to give them many hearings and under the best of auspices.

A delicate and well considered tribute was paid to the memory of Mr. E. F. Kubel, for nine seasons the annotator of the symphony programs, in substituting for the Reinecke number the Chopin funeral march. There was in the heart of each player a note of personal sorrow as he played this requiem to the memory of one who did for the symphony series what no one else in the city could have done so well. And the audience joined in the tribute with a sad but close attention.

From Mrs. Lott's recent letter to the Graphic concerning the work she has done in attempting to interest students in the series of chamber music concerts she is giving, I fear me I have unwittingly stepped on one of her dainty toes. I knew that she has done all possible in this line, yet I ventured to suggest that only a very small admittance fee would draw this student class—if anything would. In a city the size of Los Angeles there are perhaps five hundred music students in the various branches who might fairly be classed as advanced. To such, one would think that the works offered by the Lott-Krauss-Coleman concerts would make a strong appeal.

But I wager that of the audiences that gather on these occasions not more than forty persons are actively studying music. This is an old theme, one always full of meat for a writer on musical topics—this lack of interest in the best music, a theme heard all across the country, a lament as wide as America. Yet one can not resist twanging the same string again when such concerts as these mentioned are attended by a mere handful of people. I do not blame Mrs. Lott for declining to mention how many—or few—applications there have been for student tickets. There are perhaps a hundred highly capable and reputable music teachers in the city. Each of these presumably has five or six pupils of sufficient advancement to profit by quartet concerts. Doubtless each teacher received one of the cards offering student rates. With the results noted.

Can it be that there are teachers who consign such things to the waste basket, fearing that another musician might profit by a successful concert of this kind? Or is the estimate all wrong and there is not one advanced pupil per teacher? At any rate, here's

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to the success of all concerts of the kind, by whom ever given. It is, however, the old story; try to educate the public and it will revile you; tickle it and it pays you well. Allow me to recommend a vaudeville attachment to the Lott-Rogers series of next year.

In spite of the efforts of the management to secure handsome statements about the piano soloist with Kubelik, the young lady was let down heavily by part of the local press. Miss Eyre has a large repertoire, but is as mechanical in her playing as a pianola. She is pretty in appearance, but has a man-

**Miss Fannie C. Dillon**

Miss Fannie C. Dillon, who recently returned from Germany after four years' study with the famous Godowsky, is now cheerfully ensconced in her attic studio at the family home on Benton Boulevard. Her sister, who has also enjoyed years of study abroad, is still in Italy, the latest reports of her vocal successes telling of her triumphs in "La Traviata." These talented young musicians have many warm admirers and friends in California. Their father, Judge Henry C. Dillon, recently built a beautiful residence in Los Angeles on Benton Boulevard and removed the Lares and Penates from the old home-stead at Long Beach that his daughters might enjoy the comforts and protection of their home while reaping the well-earned fruits of their professional careers. Miss Fannie Dillon is not only a successful pianiste, but is a composer of great promise. She began her studies under Herr Thilo Becker, of Los Angeles and after traveling awhile in Europe she finally settled in Berlin where she spent four arduous years under the world's greatest technician—Godowsky, taking instrumentation under the noted Kaun. Miss Dillon has published a suite and several minor, though serious pieces.

ner as spasmodic as her playing is cold. She is such a player as might go out with a Slayton bureau aggregation. The probabilities are that she "assists" Mr. Kubelik for expenses, as she certainly is no such artist as ought to be supporting this artist. It is beneath him to carry a soloist of minor worth.

A. SHARP.

It is many years since Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were rendered in Los Angeles, and so they will be quite new to many of the devotees of good music when the Los Angeles Choral Society presents them at their second recital this season. On Friday evening, April 20, at the Mason Opera House the members of the Choral Society supporting competent soloists, and assisted by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, will unite in rendering these masterpieces of oratorial compositions. Mr. Tom Karl, Catherine Collette, Mr. Harry Barnhart, Maude Reese Davies and Norma Rockhold Robbins will be the soloists.

Ellen Beach Yaw will return shortly to Southern California where she will appear in concert under the management of L. E. Behymer. Since leaving Los Angeles Miss Yaw has appeared in grand opera with great success in Europe. Last week she delighted one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in New York City to honor a singer, and she has taken her position among the great singers of the world. A Coast tour will follow her appearance here.

On Friday afternoon, April 27, at the Mason Opera House, the sixth and last concert of the season by the Symphony Orchestra will take place. Herr Arnold Krauss is to be the soloist. The "Reformation Symphony" by Mendelssohn has been selected as one of the numbers. The Second Concerto in D Minor by Wieniawski will be given. Elgar's March, "Pomp and Circumstance" is the opening number, while a "Symphonie Overture" in D Minor by a local composer, a member of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. M. F. Mason, will be the closing number. This is the last concert of the season and should be well patronized by those who are interested in the welfare of the Symphony Orchestra.

It is now an assured fact that the Conreid Opera Company will come to the Mason Opera House for one night only on Monday evening, April 30, at which time a double bill will be sung, opening with Leoneavallo's tuneful I'Pagliacci, introducing that greatest of tenors, Enrico Caruso. The last half of the bill will be devoted to one of the most beautiful compositions known to the singing world, Engelbert Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hänsel und Gretel." While it is to be regretted that not more than one performance could be arranged at this time the fact that Caruso and Louise Homer will be among the stars makes the general announcement more interesting. The sale of reserved seats will open on Easter Monday morning. The schedule will remain the same as in San Francisco, ranging from two to seven dollars, and Manager Charles W. Strine guarantees that the Los Angeles performance will include the entire working force of the Conreid company with the Metropolitan Orchestra and all of the scenic and costuming investiture. Particulars will be announced later.

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Clara—"But I thought the printers were on strike just now."

May—"They are, but this was a non-union kiss."

Booklover—"I wish to get Stevenson's story, 'The Suicide Club.'"

Bookseller—"We're just out of that, but here's the year-book of the Automobile Racing Association."—Puck.

"How often do your housemaids dust?" "Do you mean how often do they fan the furniture?" asked slangy Mrs. Nuwedd, "or how often do they skip out?"

Autos and Autoists

Knicker—"That veteran boasts he has had six horses killed under him."

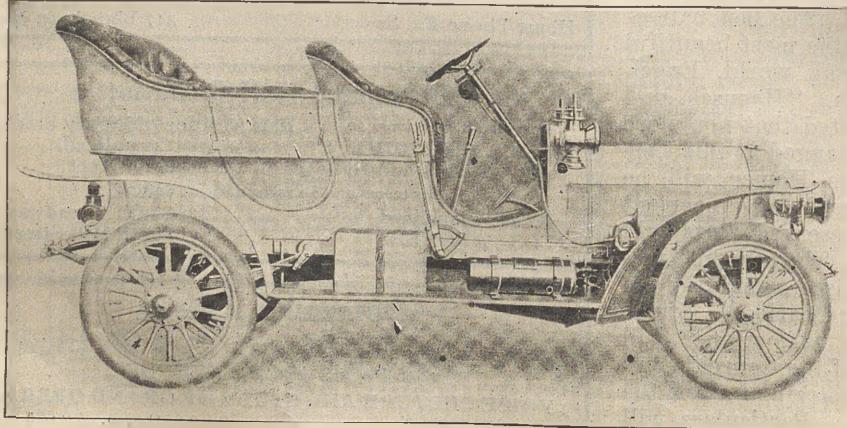
Chauffeur—"That's nothing; I've had thirty pedestrians."

That the Graphic's good roads agitation is attracting widespread attention was shown by the Herald last Sunday, which printed a column and a half article by Edward Moriarity under the headline "Good Roads is Autodom's Cry." Mr. Moriarity says the roads hereabouts are "bad at their best." "The situation is one that appeals to every class in Southern California," says the writer, "perhaps more strongly to those who may not possess a machine and are engaged in other pursuits than the automobile trade. Laying the ragged condition of the city streets aside, the problem of suburban thoroughfares arises and the fact is undeniably thrust upon the observer that there is hardly a mile of dependable road running from the city.

"Did one good boulevard lead from Los Angeles to an adjacent seaside resort the commercial benefit accruing to the business interests of the town would prove incalculable. There are any number of auto owners more than anxious to become colonists of Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica and other local shore towns, but hesitate because of the fact that the time required to reach Los Angeles would prove a barrier."

The Herald quotes several prominent automobile dealers, who tell what they think of the good roads movement, and makes the suggestion that good roads as a plank in a political platform would meet with overwhelming support.

The STODDARD-DAYTON



Announcement

In a few days we shall move to our handsome new home on South Main and 10th. Meanwhile we are prepared to quote you bedrock prices in all "Bicycle Sundries." Headquarters for the Thistle, Cleveland, Tribune and Light.

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It is good to find the automobile dealers so enthusiastic over the Graphic's fight for better roads. Speaking on this subject, W. Cosby, dealer in Premier cars, whose place of business is 1042 South Main street, declared everyone who has any interest at stake in Southern California should join in the good roads crusade, as it is a matter of vital importance to all.

"There is no question of the imperative need for better roads," asserted Mr. Crosby. "Although it is the automobilist who is making such a hue and cry about the condition of our roads at the present time, the farmer especially stands in need of better roads. An illustration of the good better roads would do is found in the case of Fremont Pass. If the Newhall grade were cut down a bit and a good road built, the farmers of the Antelope Valley would haul their produce to market in Los Angeles instead of shipping it, and save a great deal thereby. There are many other roads in Southern California, which, if put into condition, would be of inestimable value to the agriculturist. Although the farmer would be a great beneficiary, he doesn't seem to know it. The farmers should take hold right now, and work up this agitation. And the farmers are beginning to wake up, too. The good roads agitation is one of the best possible in this part of the country, and all who understand the situation and conditions should try to help the good cause along."

Another who has this week told the Graphic how he looks upon the roads situation is F. A. Bennet, manager of the Standard Motor Car Company, 116-118 East Ninth street.

"What we need most right now is better roads, rather than better autos," he said. "You will find the greatest improvement in the automobile line in the roads this year, instead of in the cars. There is little use in paying every attention to the betterment of automobiles unless we are going to have roads to run them over. The question of how to raise funds for the improvement of our roads is a hard problem, and one which I am not prepared to offer any solution for. It would be manifestly unjust to tax motorists to get funds for better roads for undoubtedly the greatest good would go to the farmer. The better the road the easier it is upon a vehicle, and it follows that a farm wagon would last longer traveling all the time over good roads than it would over bad ones. It seems to me that this is a matter that would benefit the community generally, and there ought to be some way of getting the improvements at the expense of the community as a whole. Then there would be no especial burden upon any especial class, while all classes, practically, would benefit."

The better roads promoters will find a man with a hobby and the desire to help along in Fred Eaton, father of the Owens river project, who says there is imperative need for an automobile road from Los Angeles right up into the Owens river valley. Mr. Eaton says that no matter whether the road cost \$50,000, it should be built, and immediately. During

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the next few years, during the work of bringing the waters of Owens river valley to Los Angeles, a vast amount of material will necessarily have to be freighted into the valley, and to way points. The present mode of going to the valley, let alone shipping iron pipe or cement, is very unsatisfactory. It is a matter of days to go from Los Angeles to Owens Lake, and one has to depend upon several means of locomotion. The first stage of the journey is by train and then there are stage coaches to be taken.

It stands to reason that the building of a direct road as far as pipe and concrete will have to be hauled, would pay for itself in the saving of freight rates, to say nothing of the time saved by taking materials direct to a given point. There will always be men going and coming from the valley, surveyors, laborers, city officials. Every trip would be expedited if it could be accomplished along an established automobile road. It has been proved that the automobile is a competing factor in freight hauling matters, and in the carrying of passengers. It appeals to me that Mr. Eaton's auto road scheme is a good one, from an economical standpoint and from others, and I expect to see it built. Wouldn't that be far more satisfactory than building a railroad into the valley, at an estimated cost of \$1,500,000—a road

which would be practically abandoned once the great conduit had been completed?

People who love to take long drives into the country behind a fast horse or a span of good trotters complain that it is almost impossible to enjoy a drive outside the city here, on account of the frightfully cut-up condition of the roads. Then there are the bicycle riders—though they are in the very small majority in this day of the motor car—the motorcyclist, and the people who live in the country, who have to use the roads, whether pleasure seekers do or not, who pay their fair share of the taxes, and who are just as much entitled to good roads as anyone else.

Good roads movements in all parts of the country have resulted and are resulting in real good, and I hope soon to see something tangible come of the movement here, which as yet seems to be in its incipiency, but which is bound to expand and gain new champions all the time. Now is the time to make a battle for better roads, and the automobile men realize this. There will be "something doing."

soon. Here's a story that is looking for a place in the story almanac. I must confess that I don't know

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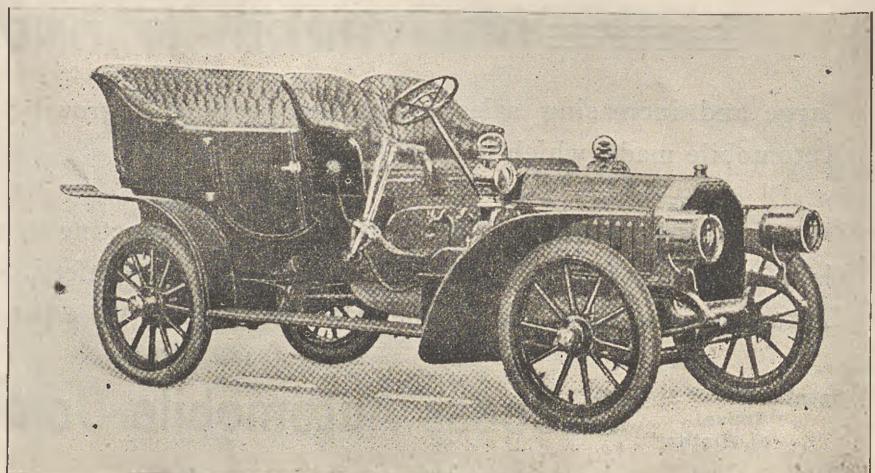
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where to put it. "Uncle Bill" Ruess, who handles the Oldsmobile—you know the place, White Garage, 712 South Broadway,—has handled the car so skillfully that he is all sold out. The first six 1906 models have been claimed, and there are a dozen more paid for and their owners waiting for them to come to town. "Uncle Bill" came to the conclusion that here was a pretty state of affairs, and thought it high time to go fishing. And he went. He is hooking monster mountain trout in San Gabriel canyon this very minute. This isn't a fish story. And then again there are some who declare it is, inasmuch as it is a story of fishes. I contend that it is a good advertising yarn, but then I am told that it isn't a yarn at all, but gospel truth. There you are again. Meanwhile, "Billy" is singing "You may go as far as you like with me in my merry Oldsmobile." Where have we heard that song before?

J. W. Wileox & Son, dealers in the Maxwell car, have removed from 130 East Ninth street to 1211 South Main street, and would be pleased to see their old friends at the new stand.

The Standard Motor Car Company, 116-118 East Ninth street, has sold a model F Ford to Henry Henderson. Mr. Bennett tells me that he expects to receive his first 1906 Acme automobiles in about three weeks.

Frank Strong of Strong & Dickinson, the real estate hustlers, has purchased a Franklin runabout, and will take you on a runabout to sell his lots. The automobile is essential ever in the real estate business.

A twenty horsepower Franklin has recently been purchased by E. G. Judah of the P. and B. Roofing Company.

J. D. Braley, who has bought a Franklin runabout, is preparing to go on a trip to San Diego.

Have you seen "Brother Ralph" Hamlin skiddooing about in a pretty red Franklin car? Well, he is demonstrating its abilities to someone with a rope, which he is after. Next week he says there will be more news of sales.

F. M. Lyon of the Tufts-Lyon Arms Company, Los Angeles is "The Auto Inn," the new home of the South Main street. Premiers also have been sold to Mr. Parnell and J. Fulmer. Two cars were delivered

last Tuesday, and there are three others on the road.

One of the most unique automobile garages in Los Angeles is "The Auto Inn, the new home of the Phillips Motor Car Company, at 1230 South Figueroa street. The structure is absolutely fireproof, open day and nights, and will make a specialty of "boarding" automobiles. There is accommodation for thirty cars, and probably many of the finest in the city will be kept there. Special machinery has been installed for the repairing of steam cars. The garage also boasts the only automobile turntable in Los Angeles. Parlors have been furnished in mission style for the use of patrons. R. Warren Phillips is manager of "The Auto Inn," and J. Henderson foreman of the garage. Mr. Phillips expects to secure the agency for one of the best made American cars.

Some of the handsomest cars ever seen in this city arrived here last Friday, when the new four-cylinder Ramblers were received from the east. The engines are very powerful, and with a wheel base of 112 inches the car presents a type of strength and beauty not generally looked for in a \$2650 machine.

C. L. Heartwell, president of the Long Beach National Bank and Titus E. Duncan of Santa Barbara have purchased the first two four cylinder Ramblers received.

A. Z. Moore of San Diego, W. A. Barnes of Fullerton and S. S. Radigan of Covina have each purchased surrey 1 Ramblers.

E. E.

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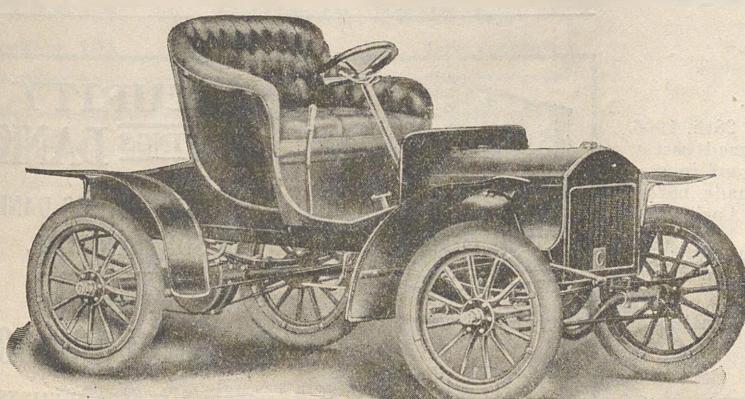
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No. 287.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2nd, 1906.

Notice of Application for United States Patent.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved May 10th, 1872, William B. Wall, President and the duly authorized agent to apply for U. S. Patent for THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY, a corporation, whose post office address is Santa Ana, California, the said THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY being the owner of the PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, has made application for patent for said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, said claim being a placer situated in the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, of Section 18, T. 3 North, Range 15 West, S. B. M., according to the U. S. Government survey, containing forty (40) acres.

Said claim is bounded on the north and east by patented lands of John W. Saunders, on the south by patented lands of the Pacific Coast Oil Company and on the west by patented land of Martin Clint.

The notice of location of said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM is of record in the office of the Recorder of Los Angeles County, in Book 3 of Mining Locations, page 224, and in the records of the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District in Book "F" of said records, page 170, Los Angeles County, California.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground above described, or any portion thereof, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed as according to law and the regulations thereunder, within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, they will be barred in virtue of the provisions of said statute.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

It is hereby ordered, that the foregoing notice of application for patent be published for nine consecutive weeks in the Graphic, a weekly newspaper published in the City of Los Angeles, State of California.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-9t

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., February 28th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on April 14th, 1906, viz.: Rufus Clayton White, Homestead Entry No. 9407, for the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 25, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ and N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 36, Township 1, N. R. 17 W., S. B. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:

Philip Lesueur, Sr., of Calabasas, Cal.
Philip Lesueur, Jr., of Calabasas, Cal.
William C. Masson, of Los Angeles, Cal.
C. F. Greenleaf, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-5t

Financial

A new bank building is to be erected on the present site of the Ord hotel, Douglas Arizona. Contractors are expected in a few days to begin work, according to statement of Cashier Hanks.

A new banking institution to be known as the Crown City bank will open for business in East Pasadena, near Colorado street and Chester avenue. James McAdam, S. S. Wold, D. J. Hoge and others are interested. Capital, \$25,000.

Bank clearances in Los Angeles during the first three months of 1906 aggregate \$143,301,086, as against \$103,268,384 for the corresponding period of last year. The increase amounts to 40 per cent. No city in this country, in the class of Los Angeles, can surpass these figures. They indicate to some extent the tremendous prosperity and growth of Los Angeles.

Bonds

San Bernardino votes, May 19, on an issue of \$60,000 for street improvements.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles county will sell the \$22,000 issue of the Huntington Park school district on April 23.

Sawtelle's board of education is preparing plans for an enlargement of the schools and a bond issue is in contemplation.

The supreme court of Arizona gave a decision favorable to the city of Phoenix in the case of the Phoenix City Water Company of which M. H. Sherman of Los Angeles is the moving spirit, versus the City of Phoenix. The city voted \$300,000 bonds to build a municipal plant. The company applied for injunction restraining the city from selling the bonds. The case was appealed and was decided in favor of the city.



N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring.

SECURITY
SAVINGS BANKLARGEST SAVINGS BANK
IN SOUTHERN CAL.

Total Resources

\$15,000,000.00

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J. S. SARTORI, President
M. S. HELLMAN, Vice-Pres.
J. E. PLATER, Vice-Pres.
W. D. LONGYEAR, Cash.-Sec.
T. Q. HALL, Asst. Cashier
W. M. CASWELL, Asst. Sec.

Safety for Valuables
Boxes Rent for \$2.00
a Year and up.

Dillon and Hubbard of New York have declined to approve the water bond issue of Pasadena by which it was proposed to take over the properties of the two companies. The meat of the decision is in these lines from the opinion: "We are advised by you, (the mayor) and the City Attorney that you cannot acquire such a title. Under these circumstances we would not be willing to approve bonds issued under the existing vote to acquire anything less than a good title to the property of those two companies as contemplated by such vote. Therefore it results necessarily that the proposed purchase is at an end unless you make a new contract with the companies and submit that contract to a vote of the people, or unless you proceed to condemn the property and submit to the vote of the people the question whether the properties shall be acquired by condemnation proceedings."

Orange votes, April 21 on an issue of \$30,000 school bonds. The bonds run 20 years and pay 4½ per cent interest.

The Los Angeles county supervisors have sold the \$500 bond issue of the Moneta school district to the Pasadena Savings and Trust company for a premium of \$85. The \$8400 issue of the Belvedere school district was sold by the same board to T. W. Phelps, who paid a premium of \$376.

Corona voted March 27 to issue \$35,000 high school bonds.

The Rialto school district, San Bernardino county, has voted \$18,000 bonds for the erection of a new eight-room building.

Fielding J. Stilson Co.

Paid up Capital \$150,000

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WESTERN UNION CODE—CABLE ADDRESS, "STILSON"

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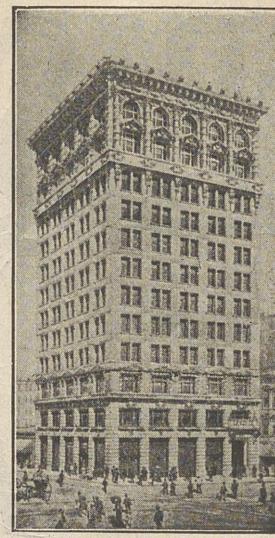
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Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00



UNION TRUST BUILDING

The Oldest Savings Bank in Southern California

Established January 3, 1865

OVER 30,500 DEPOSITORS

Assets over \$7,800,000

SAFE DEPOSIT

Boxes \$2.00 a year

4% Interest on Term Deposits

S. E. Cor. Fourth
and Spring Sts.

Southern California Savings Bank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, Jan. 29th, 1906

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$9,009,257.10	Capital Stock..... \$1,250,000.00
Overdrafts..... 52,328.74	Surplus..... 250,000.00
U. S. Bonds..... 1,559,000.00	Undivided Profits..... 1,142,450.82
Premium on U. S. Bonds 55,169.24	Circulation..... 1,250,000.00
Bonds..... 749,826.75	Special Deposit,
Due from U. S.	City Treasurer..... 80,000.00
Treasurer..... 62,500.00	Deposits..... 14,451,636.58
Furniture and Fixtures 39,732.76	
Cash on Hand (Special Deposit)..... 80,000.00	
Cash..... \$8,163,234.76	
Due from other Banks 3,652,978 10 6,816,272.86	
	\$18,424,087.45
	\$18,424,087.45

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars
Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

A Trip Through Orange Groves

Via "Inside Track"

Special train daily from Arcade Depot at 9:00 a. m. Long stops at Riverside and Redlands. Returning arrive at Los Angeles 6:50 p. m. From Pasadena at 9:05 a. m., except Sunday and on Sunday at 8:20 a. m. Round trip to Redlands (good via Riverside and San Bernardino) \$3.00.

Round trip to Riverside or San Bernardino \$2.75. Tickets good for return day following date of sale. Tickets and information, with illustrated booklet at

261 S. Spring St. cor. 3d, and Arcade Depot

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Per dozen \$2.25

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DR. C. W. DE LACY EVANS,
Surgeon St. Savior's Hospital, London

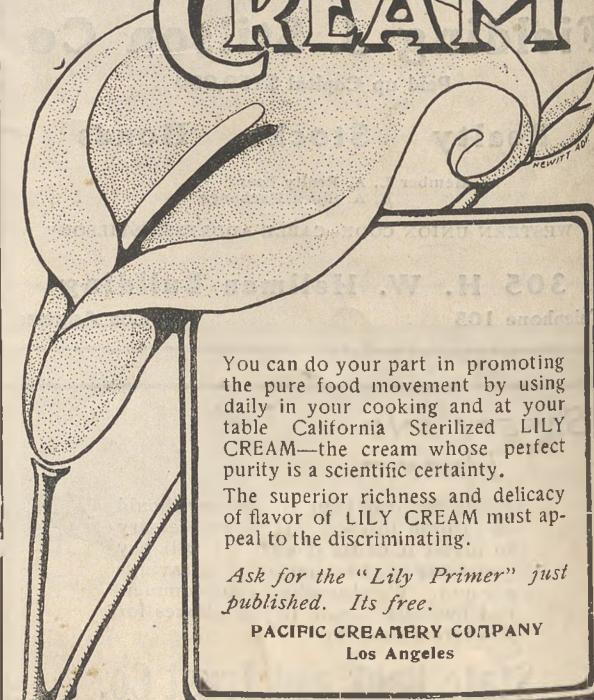
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